

The Sign

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The New Leaf

VAUGHN DEVLIN

Last midnight, with unerring skill,
The Recording Angel, sharp his quill,
Scanned the old year's loss and gain,
My faults, repentings, pleasures, pain,
And turned a clear white page.

What balance did he forward bring
I could not see for his hovering wing.
I fear my failures mounted high—
The empty days he must multiply
Ere he turned the clear white page.

And yet I know he would not fail
To set against each dark detail
My Savior's Blood in its sure descent
Through indulgence gained and sacrament.

The Angel now his task resumes:
Mayhap the final balance looms:
Hence must I mind me ever more
Of that patient Figure bending o'er
An unsullied page.

Do We Catholics Know Our Schools?

CHARLES A. McMAHON

WE Catholics must fight to save our elementary school system. That is the one unmistakable conclusion that must be drawn from the result of the vote on the school issue in the state of Oregon.

Another conclusion is equally obvious. If we are to prevent other states from following the example of Oregon, we must first educate ourselves as to what the Catholic school stands for, what it is doing for our children, for America, and for Almighty God.

Then we must talk about Catholic educational ideals with the conviction that our fair-minded non-Catholic neighbors and friends will see our point of view.

Thinking Catholics have for some time been convinced that a highly organized opposition to our church schools existed and was operating in the United States and was making hostility toward religious education its principal business.

Looking back to the Oregon result, no Catholic can longer doubt that opposition to the Catholic school is a fact. That this opposition is heavily financed; that it is highly organized; and that it is effectively directed are other facts.

The questions we Catholics must now answer are these: Shall we permit the forces of bigotry and religious prejudice to deprive us of our natural rights to educate our children? Shall our Catholic youth be forced into a curriculum from which religion has been excluded?

Shall we as Americans invite the fate of infidel nations of Europe by the de-Christianization of our schools and by removing therefrom the basic and fundamental idea in all true education—namely the idea of God and His supreme authority?

To prevent this result what is needed is a campaign of education about Catholic education among our own Catholic people. To use a commercial expression, we must "sell" the Catholic school to every Catholic in the land. We must build up an enlightened opinion among our Catholic people concerning Catholic education before we can hope to impress our non-Catholic friends.

Outside the Church, even in the minds of fair-minded people, curiosity exists as to why Catholics find it necessary to maintain a separate system of schools. Catholics are being called upon every day to state the reasons for the existence of their schools and to explain why the religious and moral training emphasized therein is a necessary preparation for full and complete citizenship.

Unless Catholics can answer these questions to their own satisfaction first, they will not be in a position to put forth an impressive argument for the Catholic school when their non-Catholic friends interrogate them.

Catholic educators and others in a position to know maintain that

the Catholic school is the greatest moral fact in the United States. This is unquestionably true. Here the Catholic school system is one of the strongest evidences of the power of a faith that inspires good works. It is one of the greatest proofs of the worth and nobility of our holy religion.

How many Catholics, however, understand *why* this is true? How many Catholics know the extent of the Catholic school system? How many know the number of Catholic students being instructed in it annually; how many know the number of teachers employed in this system; what Catholics save to the nation by maintaining it; and, above all, what benefits are accruing not only to Catholics but to the nation itself as a result of this voluntary sacrifice on the part of the Catholic people?

WAKE UP!

Through the hidden machinations of Secret Organizations and the open activities of the Ku Klux Klan, a law has been enacted in the State of Oregon to close all parochial schools.

Will other States follow the lead of Oregon? What about your own state?

Are we Catholics to remain idle and indifferent while the forces of commercialized bigotry and rampant un-Americanism are trampling on our rights? Read this article. It is timely and important.

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JUST suppose that your next-door neighbor, Mr. Jones, should, in a friendly call, ask you, Mr. Average Catholic, to answer some pertinent questions about Catholic education. The following are some typical questions that he might ask or which might be asked any time of a Catholic layman or laywoman:

Just what is the Catholic school system? Why should Catholic parents send their children to Catholic schools? Are the teachers, curricula and standards of the Catholic school equivalent to those of the public school? What is the official attitude of the Church in regard to attendance of Catholic children at public schools? What would it cost the state to take over the work of the Catholic educational system? What amount do Catholics spend yearly on Catholic education in the U. S.? Why is the Catholic school American? Do Protestant educators believe that the Catholic schools exaggerate the importance of religious education? Who has the primary duty in the education of the child—the parent or the state? Are Catholics opposed to public education?

Now, to what extent could you enlighten Mr. Jones? To how many of the above questions could you give satisfactory answers? If you are uninformed yourself in this important matter, don't find fault with Mr. Jones for his lack of knowledge, and perhaps for his indifference or even prejudice in the matter.

Take the first question: What is the Catholic school system? In 1920, according to the Directory of Catholic Colleges and Schools, 8,706 schools of all grades comprised the Catholic educational system, and it required 54,265 teachers to administer therein the instruction acquired by the 1,981,051 pupils attending them at that time.

These data surely prove that the Catholic school is a great moral fact. Catholics should be able to quote these and other statistics concerning Catholic education to their non-Catholic friends, who could not help but be impressed by learning

the extent of the sacrifice which Catholics are making, in addition to contributing their full share toward the support of public education to safeguard the religious and moral instruction of their youth.

How many Catholics are able to quote the views of *non-Catholic authorities* in regard to the necessity of formal religious and moral training in the school? These views have special significance and force in discussing this question with non-Catholics.

How many, for instance, know that George Washington, Daniel Webster, President Harding, George Bernard Shaw, Edmund Burke, former Vice-President Marshall, Honorable Arthur Balfour, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, ex-Premier Asquith,

George Wharton Pepper, Robert Ellis Thompson, Marion L. Burton—to quote only a few well-known authorities—have deplored the lack of adequate moral training in the American educational system and have stated that the omission of religious instruction is a defect in education and also a detriment to religion?

LEARN!

The Catholic School is not a hobby. It is a necessity. It is the greatest outstanding moral fact in our Country.

In maintaining and extending it the Catholic Church is doing unmeasured good for our children, for America and for Almighty God.

Convinced Catholics should know the nature, the purpose, the scope and method of their school system. You have no reason to be ashamed of it. You have many reasons to be proud of it.

HOW many have ever read the opinion expressed by the Editor of the *New York Times* in March, 1910, when he said: "The movement of the Roman Catholics to secure a system of education which shall not ignore religion is a movement in the right direction. Their self-sacrificing effort in maintaining their parochial schools for this purpose ought to cause us Protestants to blush when it is compared with our own indifference in this matter?"

Catholics should familiarize themselves with these and other statements given them by non-Catholic educators and moulders of thought in our nation in order that they may be able to confront their Protestant friends with the arguments of Protestant leaders in approval of the necessity for moral and religious education in our schools.

We frequently hear our Catholic schools criticized because of their alleged un-Americanism.

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How many Catholics can answer this charge by proving that the history of the Catholic school is American; that its curriculum is American; that its teachers are American; that its students are Americans or in the process of Americanization; that its language is the English language; that its ideals are American; that it believes in America and teaches love and respect for America and its institutions; and that its teaching of religion and of practical morality is American, true to the traditions of the founders of the Republic?

How many Catholics know the means taken by the Catholic schools to promote true Americanism? How many know that the motto of our Catholic schools is "For God and Country"?

How many Catholics are able, when discussing Catholicism and patriotism, to quote the words of prominent non-Catholics who have paid tribute to the patriotism of our Catholic leaders?

At Cardinal Gibbons' death, for example, secular newspapers from the Atlantic to the Pacific hastened to pay tribute to the undiluted patriotism of the foremost prelate of the Catholic Church in this country.

When Edward Douglass White, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and prominent Catholic layman, passed away, the same recognition of sturdy patriotism immediately was manifested.

IN his eulogy of the Cardinal, President Harding said: "He was the very finest type of citizen and churchman."

When informed of the death of the Chief Justice, the President expressed the thought of a nation in these words: "His private life was simple and unaffected and was characterized by virtues which might well serve as an example for the people of America."

Speaking of the jurist whom he had elevated to the position of presiding justice, former President Taft said: "No judge ever sat on the Supreme Bench who was more deeply patriotic, more strongly

American, more anxious for the welfare of his country."

United States Senator Lodge, in explaining why he felt that Chief Justice White had honored his high office as much as the office had honored him, declared the jurist had been "a lover of his country in every fiber of his being."

Federal District Judge Mayer in New York asserted that the country had lost not only a great judge, but a noble American.

Careers such as those of Cardinal Gibbons and Edward Douglass White constitute the answer to those who profess to find in the Catholic system of education a dilution, if not a denial, of the American ideal of citizenship.

BOTH of these distinguished men, recognized by foremost citizens of creeds other than their own as the very typification and embodiment of the American ideal, were educated at Catholic colleges.

The system which is berated by bigots and considered inimical to American institutions by the uninformed, made them what they were. Each had been trained from early youth in the basic Catholic principle that to render fully unto

God the things that are God's, it is necessary to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's with willingness and as a matter of course.

Space does not permit here answering the other questions raised at the beginning of this article. To handle any one of them adequately would require a separate treatment.

Our first task, therefore, in saving Catholic schools is to acquaint our own people with the aims and purposes of Catholic education and to arm them with arguments which will help them whenever discussions arise concerning it.

Most Americans are fair-minded and just. In many cases opposition to our Catholic schools is based upon ignorance and misunderstanding.

It is our duty to make known the purposes back

ACT!

The National Catholic Welfare Council has just published *A Catechism of Catholic Education*. You should have this booklet.

It tells you all about our educational system. It will enlighten you. Read it yourself. Pass it to your Non-Catholic neighbors. It will do a great deal to remove ignorance, misunderstanding and prejudice.

We would gladly give it to you free, but cannot afford to do so. Price is 25c a copy. Get your copy or copies now. Address: The Sign.

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of our system of education and show to those who are not of our faith why we willingly accept the burden of double taxation.

Catholics must first educate themselves and then, armed with the facts, go forth to meet the issue in their own communities whenever danger threatens.

If every Catholic did his duty by spreading cor-

rect information about our schools, there would remain little ground for the professional agitator to stand on. In the full meridian light of truth about the Catholic school the black clouds of hatred and opposition will be dissolved.

Mr. Average Catholic, the salvation of the Catholic school system in the United States is plainly up to *you!*

The On-Coming Generation

IN his address of welcome to the conference on the training of the youth of the country, held in Washington under the auspices of the War Department, Mr. Weeks, Secretary of War, remarked:

"We have only to look backward twenty-five years to understand what twenty-five years more will mean and to be impressed with one outstanding fact—that the responsibilities of the next generation are to be greater than ours. The preparation of that generation is in our hands. It is by far our most sacred charge. Even now we are molding it by what we do and what we neglect to do. Therefore, it is most fitting that those of us who are particularly charged with the care and development of the youth of our nation in the periods when mind and body and soul are being formed should confer together for the purpose of surveying the situation and advancing well-considered plans for the development of our future citizenship."

It is assuring to learn that such capable authority has taken cognizance of so vital a matter and that it is deemed "by far their most sacred charge." The conferees assembled by the Government for advice and assistance represented scores of civic organizations. We trust that none were there to take sinister advantage of the Government's dilemma referred to by Mr. Weeks:

"While the Federal Government is responsible for national defense, for the raising and maintaining of armies and a navy, the physical, moral and mental educa-

tion of our youth is reserved to the States and the people."

The Secretary did not express a desire that this control of education be transferred to the Federal direction further than to declare:

"Realizing the importance of the work and how small the effects of our efforts must be with regard to our citizens as a whole, we want to cooperate and assist others who directly influence in any way our national strength. We are deeply interested, also, in another vital factor in national strength—the attitude of the citizen toward the nation. In a crisis, such as existed during the World War, nothing surpasses the self-forgetful devotion to country which is evidenced by our citizenship. But in times of peace disturbing factors clearly indicate that, lacking a crisis, the average citizen is not keenly interested in the national welfare."

On an occasion like this the Church has the opportunity to demonstrate that her comprehensive plan of education relieves the Government of all concern regarding the fitness for citizenship of over one-fourth of the oncoming generation. Regarding the patriotism of her charges, she can plead that the only disturbing factor is the presence of bigotry in social life. The mind of youth, not adept at distinctions, is jarred and confused when it discovers bigotry presuming to wave the flag that idealizes liberty, unity and equality for all.

Where Once Dwelt Martha and Mary

PERE CYPRIEN JOURDAIN, C. P.

THE village of Bethany (the House of Date-palms) clings to the south-east slopes of Mount Olivet. Hidden in a very forest of olive, fig and almond trees, it was, in the time of Christ, composed largely of beautiful villas owned by wealthy inhabitants of the neighboring city of Jerusalem.

Here dwelt Lazarus and his sisters, Martha and Mary. To their home our Lord was accustomed to come after the controversies and fatigues of the day. Seated in the shade of the trees as their leaves were gently stirred by the evening breezes, His gaze would wander towards the Holy City. Its walls stood out clearly defined against the verdant hills which dominated Bethlehem. To the east stretched the gloomy desert of Juda, where spread ravines, naked and whitened, to the blue line of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Beyond rose abruptly the Mount of Moab.

No other place in all Palestine, outside the Holy City itself, can lay claim to more beloved memories, more marvellous deeds, or more tender expressions of human sympathies of the Heart of Christ. It was here that He wept over the departed Lazarus, and wrought His greatest miracle in restoring him to life.

Naturally this home at Bethany, sanctified by the repeated visits of Christ, would appeal to the very first Christians as a place of assemblage and prayer. Such it remained until its owners had been driven from their country by their Jewish persecu-

tors. Tradition has it that they were thrown into a rudderless boat and abandoned to the mercy of the elements. Guided by an unseen pilot they landed on the coast of France. Lazarus became the first bishop of Marseilles and was martyred under Domitian. Martha converted the whole region of Avignon. Mary the Magdalen retired to the cave

of "The Holy Balm" and passed there the remaining thirty-three years of her life in solitude and prayer.

FROM the earliest Christian times convents and churches flourished over the sites where stood the house and tomb of Lazarus. To these hallowed places the Crusades brought a renewed importance. But the raids of the Musselmans which culminated in the siege of Jerusalem by Saladin in the year 1187, compelled the Benedictines, the only remaining community, to seek refuge in other lands.

Where once dwelt Martha and Mary naught remains but ruins. The ancient beauty of Bethany has vanished; its villas lie in broken stones that pave the road to Jericho. For centuries its only inhabitants have been Mohammedans.

Its only house of worship was the mosque of Islam until in the year 1903, when some exiled French Passionists established the monastery of St. Martha.

The founder of this monastery was the Reverend Father John Charles, known in the world as Armand de Richard de la Tour. Prior to his entrance into the Passionist Order he had been happily



THE CENTURY-OLD RUINS OF
THE TOMB OF LAZARUS

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married and was the father of a large family. In the midst of a very brilliant career as councillor and judge at Bordeaux he abandoned the world, on the death of his devoted wife, and entered the novitiate in Bilbao, Spain. He made his religious profession May 9, 1882, in his fifty-third year. He was soon ordained priest and spent the major part of his religious life in positions of high responsibility. For years he had cherished the hope of one day founding a monastery of the Passion in the land consecrated by the sufferings of our Redeemer.

The Anti-Religious Law enacted by the French Government in 1903, gave him the opportunity of realizing his hope. With eleven of his exiled brethren this vigorous old man, now in his seventy-fourth year, founded the monastery of St. Martha in Bethany. In this home of his heart he died, April 11, 1913.

There on the edge of the desert of Juda has arisen Saint Martha's Monastery—a gem in the crown of houses of prayer which now cluster round the City of the Passion. Prayerful voices by day and by night unite to chant the praises of the Son of David — voices like unto those stilled in these sacred places so many years ago by the sword of the Persian and the scimitar of the Turk. Whilst darkness covers the earth and silence reigns over all the mountains of Judea, the silvery tones of St. Martha's bell and our own none too beautiful voices echo from rock to rock, to be wafted forth over the waves of the Dead Sea to the foot of the gigantic chain of the mountains of Moab. The Beduin who passes along the road, or who stays awake amid his caravan of camels, hears this divine song and, believing in God as we do, softly cries: "Allah! Allah!"

THE Passionists at Bethany patiently await the whitening of the harvest on these now desolate plains. By their life of study and of prayer and by rendering spiritual and material help to the disinherited of these districts the Passionists symbolize the two lives led in this same place by the two sisters of the Gospel, Martha and Mary.

From the first days when the Passionists came to this desert, the Arabs understood without difficulty that they had not come from afar into this arid country only to remain indifferent to the sufferings and misery of those about them. Little by little this confidence grew firmer, and gradually, their instinctive curiosity helping, the natives came, first one, and then another, in search of water or to beg some medicine. The ever increasing calls soon gave rise to a dispensary and revealed the talents of an expert brother infirmarian appointed to this trying work.

Outside the towns there does not exist any kind of organized medical service. Before the arrival of the Passionists the *fellahs* (peasants) of the villages situated to the

east of Jerusalem, like the Beduins of the desert, were abandoned to their unhappy fate. Our charitable aid soon won the sympathy of such unfortunates. Our poverty restricted us to the use of only the simplest remedies. But, given with great affection and received with the utmost confidence, they produced excellent results and gained for the happy infirmarian the uncontested title "Doctor of Medicine" and henceforth "*Hackem*" became his name. For fifteen years everyone has revered in him, with firm faith, a medical science in reality of small proportions. For five days a week from fifty to sixty sick people come daily to find free at St.



REMAINS OF ANCIENT WALL

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Martha's some alleviation of their maladies, the cure of their sores, and always a word of comfort to which they are far from insensible.

am quoting almost literally), "I find myself face to face with a mass of human misery . . ."

HARDLY has the beautiful sun of the Orient saluted the earth," writes a daily witness of these scenes, "than men, women and children come from the four quarters of the horizon to the little monastery. Seeing them approach, one understands the "I will have pity on the multitude" of our Saviour. I have often said to myself: 'These are the people who have faith!' If these poor unfortunates were not persuaded that they would find someone to listen to the tale of their miseries, take pity on their sufferings and try to ameliorate them, they would prefer to remain in their camel skin tents, or in their caves, crouched on their pallets.

"Arrived at the door of the dispensary, the sickest wrap themselves in their cloaks and sink painfully to the ground. The others gather in little groups and tell each other about their ailments.

"At last the hour arrives; the grating of the key in the lock brings a look of joy to all their faces. In the twinkling of an

eye the room is filled. And then," continues the brother infirmarian (for it is he himself whom I

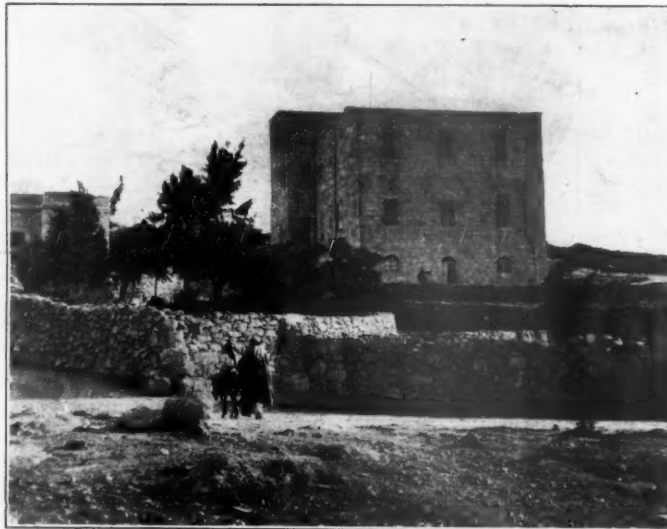
000 receive treatment here each year. While awaiting the propitious moment to evangelize the Musselmans more directly, we draw closer to one another

and bring them to us by caring for their sick and suffering. Thanks to these mutual relations of confidence and charity some hundreds of little angels have already found the road to heaven and even some of the adults when near death have opened their eyes to the true light.

Unfortunately we have had to struggle against new elements of discord, Protestantism and Zionism—both of them strengthened by



FATHER JOHN CHARLES, C. P.



ST. MARTHA'S MONASTERY, BETHANY

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the English Mandate. Here in this desert where Europeans did not dare to set up an establishment—even here one meets now and then Protestant ministers distributing free Bibles. This method of propaganda is totally wrong. It is not the correct way of advancing the Christianity of Christ here among the natives. But Catholic charity, the charity of Christ Crucified, always remains stronger, even in this land of Islam, than the power of all the gold of our separated brethren who drink not at the source of all apostleship.

The Arabs here have shown their sympathy for us, particularly at the crucial moment when the Turks declared war against the Allied Nations. The sheiks (chiefs) of tribes and the leaders addressed a petition to the Turkish Government requesting that the brother "Hackem" be permitted to remain among them. The Germans, who had already taken command of the Turks, gave orders that all enemy subjects should be deported. But so staunchly did the Arabs press their petition that in the end "Hackem" stayed—thanks to an impossible group of Turkish policemen who did not know him.

Nor is this the only instance of the affection of Arabs. During the first subsequent massacre of the Jews by the Musselmans the brother "Hackem" was insulted and threatened by a passer-by. The Musselmans followed both the brother "Hackem" and the stranger, and seeing the danger which had befallen "Hackem" they soon went to his assistance and put his assailant to flight. It would have gone ill with the culprit had not "Hackem" himself intervened in his behalf.

Working among these tanned, turbaned and

ill-instructed Arabs of the desert it is indispensable to know the Arabic language. Our young students were preparing themselves in this tongue at the mission of the Latin Patriarchate, with the trans-Jordan region in view and for more direct work among the Mussulmans, when the war came. This calamity put a stop to the impetus of our work by dispersing this youthful band, and furthermore delivering the monastery itself to the devastations of the Turkish and German armies.

The Monastery of St. Martha, which was peopled by fifteen Religious before the war, had more than half its personnel mobilized on the field of battle either in France or in Palestine. Some members of the community distinguished themselves in the service as their "*Croix-de-guerre*" and their "*medailles militaire*" bear witness. In the early days of the war St. Martha's had the sorrowful honor of swelling the dark but glorious list of all the Passionists who fell in battle. In the year 1915 a brother lost his life and in September of 1918 the Rector of the Monastery in Bethany, a brave military chaplain, was killed by a shell at Compiègne, France, at the age of 35 years.

While some of the Passionists of Bethany were thus shedding their blood for the safety of their country, those who remained at home were ruthlessly compelled to abandon St. Martha's and deported. For four years the monastery was given over to the devastating armies of Turkey and Germany. It was in turn a barracks for the Turkish and German soldiers, a hospital, then a refuge of the Beduins, a strategic base for the defense of the road to Jericho: and each time it was devastated in another manner. The trees on the



BROTHER ALBERT, C. P. ("HACKEM") SETTING FORTH TO VISIT THE SICK

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property, the furniture, the doors and windows, the books in the library, the ornaments and statues in the chapel, and even the altars were pillaged or given over to the flames. Nothing was respected; not even the tomb of the founder of the monastery, which was barbarously opened and profaned. Finally after the entrance into Jerusalem of the victorious Allies, the Turks bombarded it to dislodge the English; a shell struck the terrace and plowed its way on and only the massiveness of the walls prevented a total annihilation.

Such was the lamentable state of St. Martha's Monastery when one of its former religious occupants, a soldier in the French contingent of the Allied Armies, happened that way. There was the labor of twenty years destroyed. It had to be rebuilt from the foundations.

HARDLY had the general demobilization been completed, when the Passionists again came to Bethany to build once more a monastery. Again with undaunted courage they took up their apostolate among the Arabs who had so impatiently awaited their return. Before a year had swiftly glided by, thanks to Divine Providence and the French, "who in this country are one and the same since the Crusades", the Passionist Fathers were

able once more to continue the good work among the natives and especially the dispensary.

In a country where the Saviour cleansed the lepers, healed the sick and raised the dead to life; where at every turn one finds human and divine traces of Jesus, it is easy to be devoted to one's holy work. The brilliant sun, the sterile fig-tree, the crowds of sick, all the poetry and all the pictures of the Gospel are here before our eyes. Each name holds a mystery; each cave reveals the past; each pinnacle resounds with the words of the Prophet; for God Himself spoke here. The dried-up brooks, the cloven rocks, the very tombs of the dead bear witness to wonders, and the desert of Juda itself is again mute with terror and has not dared to break the silence since it heard the voice of the Eternal. Everything cries out to us: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all else will be added unto you."

And above all, the supreme honor—we, the sons of that great Apostle of the Crucified, St. Paul of the Cross, are but a few steps from Calvary, fulfilling the beautiful dream of our Father and Founder.

Jesus has again become the adored Guest of Bethany. He has found there a home where He may rest in the place where once dwelt Martha and Mary.

THE average man should not consider himself hopelessly in the dark if he fails to keep pace with the contemporary treatment of psychology. The output of literature on this science is enormous. Among the periodicals arriving at this office we find the *Journal of Abnormal Psychology*, a title indicating what a fertile field we have for sophistry and incertitude. That mysterious nexus which the Creator has established between the corporeal and spiritual natures of man lends occasion not to wonder and edification, but to the most absurd, presumptuous and morbid theories. The modern psychoanalyst reminds us of him who would

"Peep and analyze upon his mother's grave."

No intellectual movement in the world's history has engaged more genius in fruitless labor,—genius that might well serve a better cause. The mutual incriminations and scorn, the general casting of doubt, the hailing of fads and their quick passing into

oblivion all prove that the new theories add nothing to psychology inasmuch as it can be defined as a science. Too often a vicious purpose is apparent when human acts are traced to instincts and impulses and not to free choice. This makes a strong appeal to the hedonist. And many superficially educated are captivated upon finding their simplest emotions and interior experiences described in scientific terms and pretentious phrases. Largely responsible for this soul-analyzing vogue was the American psychologist, James, and of his method John Ayscough, writing in the *Catholic World*, remarks:

"The majority of us do not care so much for the mechanism of a watch as to look at its face and ascertain promptly what time of day it is. Mr. James was a little too much of a watchmaker, and cared too much to bid us to consider his minute skill in fashioning its insides. Your desire to be told what o'clock it is, he thought impertinent and trivial."

Very Rev. Fr. Fidelis, Passionist

(JAMES KENT STONE)

Kenyon Days

IMMEDIATELY after his retirement from the Army, Kent Stone resumed teaching. In January, 1863 he was appointed Assistant professor of Latin at Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio. The special vocation in ministerial work of the educator must have appealed to him, for the remaining years he spent in the Anglican Communion were given over to education. Shortly after his entrance into the Church, there was question for a time whether or not he would engage in the same work. In the early days of the Paulists, the request had been made to Father Hecker to sponsor the educational institution now known as Seton Hall College. He decided, after deliberation that such an undertaking would interfere with the primary purpose which the Paulists had in view. Fr. Fidelis was consulted on the matter and signified his willingness to take up the work, remarking that that was the one thing he felt competent to do: run a college.

Judging from the extraordinary record he made as a non-Catholic his estimate was a just one. He was swiftly mounting to places of eminence in the educational world when the call to the Faith checked his ambition. His choice in the Anglican institutions was the college department, not the divinity schools. Having reached the presidency of Hobart so early in life, he would not have had to wait long before taking the next step; the University. His talents, his training, obtained here and abroad, together with what success had already crowned his efforts, gave certain promise of a brilliant future. We cannot doubt that a no less distinguished career would have awaited him in the field of Catholic education. However, he heartily concurred in the view of his fellow Paulists, maintaining that his own preference was for the missionary life.

At the Kenyon Commencement of 1863, he was given the post of professor of Latin. Harvard, at the same time conferred on him the A.B., and the following year gave him the degree of M.A. During the vacation, he was married, by his father, at the Brookline rectory. A church service was spoiled, and a very notable social function, too, by a deluge of rain on the appointed day. He return-

ed to Kenyon at the beginning of the school year, and for four successive years gave himself up to intensive work in many branches of study. In a letter from Mrs. Stone to his sister, we are told "he gets through his fourteen recitations a week, and Hebrew besides, without the slightest difficulty, and grows stout and vigorous withal."

IN 1866, he was elected Peabody Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering. His taste for mathematics led him at Harvard to some original study. He writes of this to his daughter in a letter dated 1921: "I took mathematics for my 'elective', and gained somewhat of a reputation by a volume of notes on Quaternions and the Fourth Dimension, which Professor Pierce borrowed from me for use in the class room."

The honor of the presidency of Kenyon was offered to him at Commencement, 1867. During that year, nevertheless, he helped the faculty by himself taking the courses of mental and moral philosophy. Rather a long list—in which rhetoric is also to be included. But his talent was capacious enough, and the habits of the scholar which were his, would assure us that he qualified himself in the various branches before essaying to teach them.

Along with his college work, he was pursuing his theological studies. He was formally admitted to the ministry in 1866. The famous "Toleration Sermon" preached in 1867 reveals the vast extent of his theological reading. Nevertheless, his besetting weakness—"sin", he called it,—was sloth, and he was not free from its domination in his early life. A friend of his Harvard days recounts that periods of great activity would be interspersed with spells of idleness. His superior talent would enable him to outdistance extraordinary industry in ordinary people. But seldom was that talent kept to full working power, though once inertia were overcome he would not spare himself the pains requisite for thoroughness. Notwithstanding his waste of advantages, he emerges forth as one of the most erudite men of his generation.

He detested and would incontinently manifest his detestation of the pendant or the dil-

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ettante. From a different impulse the inaccuracy of others—not their mere deficiency—would lift the restraint of his reticence and let loose a stream of most exact and illuminating talk. But it was reserved for heresy, or whatever was even remotely reminiscent of it, to draw forth a full exposition of his powers, and of the extent of his knowledge—in conversation only. Those who witnessed the fierceness of his emotion can only wonder and continue to wonder how his pen remained idle in the face of the printed attacks, particularly the insidious and covert attacks which came to his observation in his reading. To say that his knowledge never made his presence oppressive with the untutored would be even misleading. The friendships that were deepest in his life included many whose equality with him was not on the lines of intellectual attainments.

His predilection for young people became more and more marked with the passing of years. That must have been an asset to him as a professor. And so it was, to judge by only one incident of his Kenyon Days, that, namely, of the young Doctors in Divinity rallying to his support during his difficulties with Bishop McIlvaine. These friends were made to feel that he had nothing short of a paternal interest in their career. He would manifest unusual animation when treating with them about their future. The ambitions that once pulsed in his own heart seemed to stir again in his desires and hopes about their success. He who made so little ado about his own great powers would show the most intense delight about his 'discovery' of others.

And thereafter he would assume the position of a kind of Maecenas when they knew that he was himself a master whom few could ever hope to emulate.

THE correspondent of these years at Kenyon picture a life that was unclouded with care and accompanied with many charms. It was the life of the Angelican minister with that fill of possession which Newman had in mind in declaring it, from a human standpoint, the happiest existence that a mortal could attain to. Just how long such peaceful conditions prevailed, we know not. Temperamentally, he was unfitted for long drawn-out calm. Whether he admitted it to himself or not, the truth is, he loved action, which oftenest meant struggle.

Innovations began apparently as his studies progressed. Mrs. Stone writes in 1867: "Kent is 'churchy' as ever, and takes pleasure in his stand. I tremble and quake occasionally for his audacity in being so decidedly different from all the influences here, but he is doing the Church's work bravely." At another time she writes to his sister: "Gambier is not in a pleasant state for visitors. We are in a curious embroglio, and I find nearly everybody is involved more or less. How we personally shall come out of it, I don't know.

His correspondence in 1867 indicates that his own church circles were beginning to look to him as a leader, for we find him accepting invitations to preach in various places in Ohio. A turning point in the life of Kenyon came this same year on the occasion of his preaching the sermon just referred to, entitled "Toleration and Moderation in Theology". The argument of the sermon is that both reasonableness and charitableness invite toleration. There are inscrutable mysteries in both the orders of nature and of grace, in that reason and faith alike may draw up an array of arguments for two opposite solutions of problems that present themselves to the inquiring mind. The preacher dared to use as an illustration of this, the doctrine of Justification by Faith Alone. This statement it was that caused consternation in the ranks which Bishop McIlvaine had marshalled to protect a smug and obdurate Low Churchism. The statement was a battle-cry that forthwith separated the hosts into two sides with McIlvaine at the head of one and the young insurgent, Kent Stone, as the champion of the other. In the preface to the sermon, Kent Stone, simulating ingenuousness, writes, "It is strange that such a plea, however imperfectly presented, should have been misconstrued by anyone into an attempt to remove all the precious truths of Revelation into the debatable region of speculation. Special exception had been taken to the language used in reference to Justification . . . that there is no mystery in the matter, they may maintain who will. How I treat that mystery is another question. As, however, I have declined to treat it at all, it is difficult to see upon what grounds I am open to criticism."

In the "Invitation" he consents to depart from the method of the argument in the book to take up one particular issue of the controversy between non-Catholics with the Church. And it is this same doctrine of Justification which is, or rather was, the

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corner-stone of the theory of the Reformers. He quotes Luther as saying: "If this doctrine falls it is all over with us."

WHAT has been the fate of Justification by Faith in the time that has elapsed since those story days has been trenchantly portrayed by the recent convert, Dr. Kinsman. "Justification by Faith has been translated by revivalists into 'Justification by fits; this led inevitably to Justification by fits and starts; and eventually to Justification of little or no faith at all.'" He justly adds: "What has lived on is the Lutheran rationalizing." But McIlvaine maintained Luther's original doctrine as stoutly as Luther, himself; along with the total depravity of human nature, the denial of Orders and of Sacraments, etc. Of the Tribe whose religion consists in the negative—no Popery—McIlvaine was the Lion. He was a Princeton man; commanding in appearance; worshipful to the ladies—so we are told in the "Oxford Movement in America"; an extremist of the Evangelical type. His writings are a curious blend of scholarliness and mere ranting. His biographer tells us he had nothing short of an abhorrence for Roman Catholics. "The two Anti-Christ's", he wrote, "are infidelity and the Papacy." Doctor John Stone states in the preface of one of his books his indebtedness and adherence to the doctrines of McIlvaine. But there is marked contrast in his method of dealing with adversaries, to the intolerance of McIlvaine.

A reader today perusing the "Toleration" sermon would be interested in the side-lights which it reveals rather than in its main argument. The style of the writing indicates that he had made careful study of the Angelican divines of the 18th century. Again some of the material employed for illustration showed that he was abreast of the fashionable Agnosticism prevalent in the literature of the day. Of most interest is the evidence of how seriously he was studying the Faith of the Fathers of the Church. So evident is this that we cannot but be surprised that any of his associates would find cause to wonder when a few years later he announced to them that he was about to enter that Church which alone retains the Faith of the Fathers.

We would not too confidently affirm that it was the intention of Kent Stone to start a war by this peace cry, but we do affirm that in spite of his disclaimer he both foresaw the storm and welcomed

it. He must also have known that what he conceived to be a service to truth would cost him his position at Kenyon.

IT took a crisis to reveal the power of the man. He was not given to anger. His strength was not such as is accounted for by the short-lived impulsiveness of weak characters. He was not in the popular sense of the word, "fiery", yet fires were there, mostly banked, but when check was off, one saw force that swept everything before him. He labored consistently to be meek, and succeeded so well that he won no end of triumphs over the souls to whom he ministered. Indeed, he owed the charm of the meekness he possessed to the ill-disguised strength that was part of him. Power, such as calls for the modern epithet of the "superman", radiated from him; such power that even when inert its presence is felt, and will, willingly or reluctantly, force one to an acknowledgment of a sense of inferiority.

Candor compels us to say that his powers were brought into action mostly for destructive ends, that is, of course, to crush out what he considered was opposed to the claims of truth and of goodness. One involuntarily distorts, when recalling such occasions, the phrase: "the fine, frenzy rolling." He would support his cause with passionate advocacy. His finely expressive countenance, his eyes particularly, was aglow with the fire that raged in the very center of his being. The champing with inarticulate rumblings that punctuated his outbursts of speech was too characteristic to be passed over even in this rapid sketch of the man.

The dawning of his passionate love for the Mother of God dated back to his Kenyon days. He himself related the following incident: In a peaceful hour after the work of the day was done he was quietly reading some lines of tribute to the Blessed Virgin. All unconscious to himself he had begun to repeat them aloud. Those who heard him recite have maintained that his histrionic abilities gave him a place with the celebrities of the stage. Older acquaintances would mention him in comparison with Booth. When he had finished he was as one emerging from a reverie. Looking about, he was startled to find his wife in tears. In answer to his anxious questioning, she made the disquieting withal not reproachful, reply: "You'll be a Romanist." "No, no," he answered. But she would insist: "You'll be a Romanist."

The Christ-Thorn of Bethlehem

GEORGINA PELL CURTIS

DAVID, the shepherd boy, was coming down the hill behind his father's house, surrounded by his flock. In the right hand he held his crook ready to use if some lamb of the fold had started to wander too far. In the hollow of his left arm he was carrying a young lamb. He had found it that morning caught in a bramble bush far up on the hill where it had almost perished with the cold. Now he was carrying it home, for it could not walk.

Occasionally the boy's dark eyes sought the horizon where a magnificent star shone resplendent in the evening sky. Pensively he watched it, noting its unusual beauty; then his gaze was once more turned to his flock. Suddenly the mellow notes of a lute reached his ears and he smiled. Bending his head he whispered in the ear of the lamb that snuggled so contentedly in his arm:

"'Twas because of the lute that thou wert so nearly lost in the cold last night, but it shall not happen again." The lamb bleated as if in reply, conscious, perhaps, that the whispered words meant warmth and kindness.

And now up the hill there appeared, walking toward them, a boy of about eleven; plainly it was he who was drawing the musical notes from the instrument held in both hands. Seeing his brother, the music stopped and he stood still, waiting for shepherd and flock to join him; then he greeted the young shepherd and with one hand on his shoulder he walked beside him chatting gaily. Their talk turned on a trip their father, a skilled weaver, had taken that week to Bethlehem. David, the erstwhile shepherd, had accompanied him, being in fact in training to follow his father's profession, while Gideon, the younger son, had stayed home to take care of the sheep. Dividing his duties as shepherd with his preference for the role of musician, it was thus that the young lamb in David's arms had been lost in the bramble bush. Only the fact that that morning David had arisen very early to go on an errand across the hill had saved the lamb's life; in the dark the boy had heard its bleat as he was passing by.

Half an hour later the brothers sat down for the evening meal. At the head of the board was

Matthan, the weaver, and opposite to him the dark, lovely face of Elizabeth, his wife. Of the two lads, it was David, the elder, who looked like the mother. Lingered over the supper table, the evening passed swiftly, and quite early they retired to bed.

IN the dark of the night David awoke. Surely far off, he heard the sound of music; was his brother awake and outdoors at that hour, practising on his lute?

Rising up, he crept across the room to see. No, Gideon, on his own narrow pallet, was fast asleep. Creeping to the window David listened, then he decided to go outdoors to investigate. He was soon speeding up the hill whence the sounds seemed to come.

On the brow of the hill he stood still, struck by the splendor of the star that he had noticed earlier in the evening. Quite high now in the heavens, it was directly over Bethlehem, which lay a short distance south of where he stood. Even as he mused on its beauty, three figures appeared over the hill behind him, and hearing their footsteps he turned around. Shepherds they were, like himself, and all of them young, though older than he, and hastening to meet them he inquired what brought them hither at such an hour and if they knew what were the sounds of music that he was sure he had heard.

Presently he was listening to a wondrous tale. Laban was the spokesman. They had been tending their flocks on the hillside when suddenly a glory had appeared in the heavens above. Half blinded by the light, they had made out shining figures, wings of azure and gold, and had heard the sound of angel voices sweeter than stringed dulcimer. Wondering, half afraid, on their knees in adoration, they presently saw before them an Angel of the Lord, who said, "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people; for this day is born to you a Savior, who is Christ the Lord, in the City of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger."

With eager gaze David laid his hand on the arm of Laban.

"And that means the Messiah?"

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"Even so, my brother; 'tis the long-promised Redeemer of Israel, for even as the Angel ceased speaking there appeared with him a multitude of the heavenly host glorifying and praising God, saying: 'Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will,' and then we knew that the promise of the prophets had at last been fulfilled. 'Twas scarce half an hour ago and now we are on the way to Bethlehem to find and worship the Child."

"I will go with you, my brother."

"'Tis well said, and so—let us hasten, for the night passes."

Swiftly the four shepherds turned their faces southward, taking the star for a guide, and just before dawn they reached a lowly stable that stood at the foot of a narrow, ill-paved street, and, looking up at the star, they knew their quest was ended, glancing rays of light seemed to dart earthward and rest upon the stable door. Knocking, they entered, the older shepherds going first, David in the background. Then the door closed behind him and he was conscious of the sweet scent of hay, the breath of kine, the warmth and light that made of this lowly retreat a safe haven for those who had sought its shelter. The shepherds had dropped on their knees on entering. Presently the three older ones arose and advanced toward the manger at the far end of the stable near which hung a lantern. Reaching there they again fell prostrate upon the ground. David, impelled by some power, he knew not what, waited until he saw the shepherds coming back, then softly he advanced to where a mysterious light shone over the manger. Before it knelt a youthful woman's figure; hooded and veiled, the attitude one of lowly adoration. Who could she be, and why was she kneeling there? Not all at once did he divine who she was. As he drew near he noticed also a tall, grave man, with flowing beard and of a patriarchal aspect, who stood at the head of the manger, then he moved away, and alone David stood by the crib gazing down at the Child.

THE manger was full of hay, and lying on its soft bed, wrapped in coarse clothes, the shepherd boy beheld the loveliest babe he had ever seen. Its eyelids were closed as if asleep, then suddenly they opened and blue eyes, laughing and beautiful, gazed upward into David's dark adoring ones. Two tiny hands came out of the swad-

dling clothes and were stretched toward him. "Come nearer," they seemed to say.

Lower and lower bent David over the crib, not speaking, scarcely daring to breathe, until one soft, rose-leaf palm rested for a moment on his head. Strange, indescribable, were the shepherd boy's feelings, as, for one brief moment the Child's hand rested upon him; then, as he again stood erect, and all else was forgotten, for the Infant was holding toward him the hand that had just blessed him, as it were, and horrified, he saw imbedded in its soft, tender flesh a thorn, and even as he looked two tiny drops of blood appeared on the white skin.

And then, all in a moment, David knew what had happened; a thorn from the bramble bush, whence he had rescued the lamb, had become caught in his woolen tunic, and staying there had in some way fallen on the Child's hand, piercing it deeply. Skilled in the care of his lambs in just such accidents, the boy took the tiny hand, the while his eyes, full of tears, made such a mist that he had to brush it away before he could extract the thorn, which presently he did, quickly and skillfully. A tiny piece of the swaddling cloth lay on the manger. He took it and carefully placing the thorn on its surface he folded and placed the packet in the pocket of his tunic. Not for the world would he have thrown the thorn on the floor where, perchance, it might again pierce the babe.

During these few seconds all else had been forgotten, but he must go now. Once more bending low, he whispered to the Child.

"Thou knowest, Little King," he said, "that it was an accident and that it has pierced my heart, e'en as it has pierced thy tender flesh, but I love and would serve thee—if God so will it—both now and in the future."

For one fleeting moment he saw the wonderful eyes of the Child smile. The gentle maiden who had been kneeling behind him, and who, he now rightly divined, was the Child's mother, had disappeared. Quickly he traversed the rough floor of the stable, and a moment later had joined his friends outside. But neither to them nor even to his mother, to whom he told all else, did he recount the incident of the thorn; to him it seemed something intimate and precious, and for himself alone. At daybreak, having snatched a hasty meal, he was out on the hills with his flock, and only then did he unwrap the tiny package and look once more on the sacred

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thorn. Around its sharp point there had dried the blood of the Child, and he knew not that he was looking upon that which had pierced the Lamb of God.

Such knowledge was to come later.

ELEAZAR, the rich merchant of Jerusalem, was in the great hall of his palace gazing at the half completed forms in clay of what was to be a marble statue of Sorrow and Joy. Joy, a laughing, graceful child was finished nearly to the last detail. Poised on one foot, as if for flight, one hand holding aloof a ripe pomegranate, it half turned toward Sorrow, a slender, beautiful youth who stood, both arms outstretched toward the joyous child. The face was an epitome of pain. If Sorrow could help it Joy should not think that life was meant for pleasure alone.

The sculptor was talking to Eleazar. "You see, Patron," he said, "the clay model is finished, all but one detail; it lacks the crown of thorns that Sorrow must hold in its hands. To model it successfully I must have a perfect copy; know you whence it may be had?"

Eleazar thought a moment; then his brow cleared. "Yes," he said, "in Jerusalem dwells David, the weaver, whose father was a weaver before him. In his youth he was a shepherd boy, now he is a skilled workman at his trade. I will see him this evening and have him make a crown of thorns for you to copy."

Thus it was that at sun-down of the same day David received a call from Eleazar, who was known as an intimate friend of the Sanhedrim, and of Pilate, the Governor. To be favored with an order from him was a distinction, and many an artist, unknown to fame, had had his fortune made by Eleazar, for he was as generous as he was wealthy.

The weaver listened attentively while his would-be patron outlined his idea, ending by suggesting that the workman should come to his house on the morrow and see the clay model of the statue.

"I will send a mule for you," he said, "and one of my men to show you the way."

So on the morrow David made the journey to Jerusalem and in a week he had the crown of thorns ready to take to the sculptor. Delicate, finely woven, perfect in every detail, he held it in his hand the night before he was to deliver it to Eleazar, and gazed at it thoughtfully. What did it recall?

Ah! Now he remembers. Laying it carefully on the table in his work room, he crossed the floor to a tall dark cupboard, and opening a tiny drawer took from it all that it contained—a tiny package. Opening it he unwound a coarse piece of cotton cloth, yellow with age, until there lay within, exposed to view, a dark thorn—just one sharp, strong point that curved from the hard knot at the top. How frail and breakable it looked, and yet it could give infinite pain!

David saw again the small hand, the two drops of blood, and the eyes of the babe. Almost it had seemed at the time as if the Child's eyes had said, "It is thou who hast been pierced, not I."

What had become of this royal child whose birth had been heralded by angels to shepherds such as he? How long ago was it? Surely not thirty-three years, and he had never seen or heard of the Child again. Was he really the Messiah, and, if so, would his kingdom in the world be proclaimed?

With a sigh David once more folded the sacred thorn in its wrappings and replaced it. Some instinct, he knew not what, had made him reserve that small drawer in his cupboard for this treasure alone; for other things to touch it would be sacrilege.

The next day was Friday; and rising long before daybreak David wrapped the crown of thorns in a cloth and set forth to walk the six miles from Bethlehem to Jerusalem. At the door he turned to bid good-bye to Ruth, his wife, and to his little son Thamar. "I will be back by sun-down," he said. "After I deliver the crown to Eleazar there is other business in Jerusalem that will keep me busy for the day."

STRONG and active in spite of his forty-eight years, he walked briskly and covered the distance to Jerusalem even sooner than he expected. The morning sun was just rising in the east as he drew near to the city, and far off on a hill overlooking the town he was surprised to see three empty crosses outlined against the blood-red sky. What poor wretches were to suffer the ignominious death of crucifixion? Probably some refractory slaves whose master would no longer spare. Entering the gate of the city David ascended a steep street, and, shortly, to his annoyance, was caught in a dense crowd. In vain he tried to slip through;

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the tightly packed throng that seemed to be a unit in its desire to surge in one direction held him as in a vise.

"What is it all about?" he asked a tall, swarthy man on his left.

"What, friend, art thou a stranger in Jerusalem? Know you not that Jesus of Nazareth, who says he is King of the Jews, was apprehended last night at Gethsemane, and has now been brought to Pontius Pilate to be judged? The multitude are clamoring that Pilate give Him up to the will of the people, but as yet the Governor is obdurate and says he finds no fault in Him."

"Whence comes He, this King of the Jews?"

"Why, I do not know, but 'tis said He was born in a stable at Bethlehem, and now for three years He has been going about healing the sick and proclaiming that the Kingdom of God has come."

"Born in a stable in Bethlehem, ah!"

Even as David, amazed and bewildered, uttered his exclamation, the crowd gave a sudden turn to the right and was borne into the courtyard of Pilate's palace; a second later and without intent the wrappings were torn from the crown of thorns, and to save it David held it high over his head. As he did so there was a break in the crowd in front, and seeing his opportunity he darted forward and sped up the steps of the palace. Breathless he paused, and even as he did so two tall, bearded priests caught sight of him. One who seemed to be the leader spoke quickly.

"Look, Achim, yonder man has just what we want; quick or he will be gone; we can take it and bargain with him later."

Simultaneously the two priests hurried forward. "Give us your crown, friend, and follow us; we will pay you liberally."

They had taken it ere he could protest, but now he found his voice. "Stay, 'tis not mine to sell; Eleazar, the rich merchant, ordered it from me. I was on my way to deliver the crown to him when I got caught in the crowd."

They heard but did not turn back; just for a second the smaller of the two paused long enough to beckon David to follow, and because there was nothing else to do he hastened after them until he was in the great hall of Pilate's palace.

The magnificent hall of the Governor of Jerusalem was filled by a great throng, but in the very center was an empty space where stood

a slender figure clad in a long white tunic that was covered with dust and blood; the face above its short brown beard was ghastly white, the hair matted and tangled, but as David drew near, closely following the two priests, the eyes of the prisoner, for such he plainly was, which for some time had been cast upon the ground, were raised, and sad, luminous, piercingly blue they met the dark, startled eyes of David, and in one lightning-like revelation he knew who it was. Nor did any one in that vast, excited crowd notice that for one instant the erstwhile shepherd boy bent his knee as if in homage to a King.

Soldiers were crowding around, priests were talking. Achim, loudest of all, held aloof the crown of thorns.

"Take it, men of Jerusalem," he said, "and crown Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews."

A derisive laugh broke forth as the soldiers seized the crown. Quickly they placed it on His head, but it was too large, and falling down it lacerated the face that was already seamed and scarred with blows and scratches. Roughly they tore it from his head, and were about to rend it apart, so as to make it smaller, when a powerful, musical voice made itself heard above the din.

"Stay, stay, that crown of thorns is mine until I deliver it to Eleazar, the merchant; for no other purpose shall it be used; therefore give it back to me."

A babel of voices broke forth. Achim, the priest, was pressing into his hand golden coins, but David neither heard nor knew what was going on. Once more those eyes of the Christ were looking at him with love and longing and the heart of David was near to breaking. Rough soldier hands bent the crown until they had made it smaller and now they placed it upon the head of the Christ. Then there was a momentary pause. Achim, believing that his payment for the crown had been accepted, moved away, while soldiers and priests focussed their gaze upon a tall soldier far down the hall, who was advancing toward them. In his hands he held a purple robe which ever and anon caught the sun from the east window of the hall, showing blood red where its rays glanced athwart its long folds. By the man's side walked a slender youth bearing in one hand a tall reed, straight, and pointed like a spear.

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DAVID'S opportunity had come. Drawing close to the prisoner he whispered in his ear.

"My Lord, I am thy servant David. Surely thou art that babe whom I, the poor shepherd boy, saw three and thirty years ago in the manger at Bethlehem, when thy hand wast pierced by a thorn from my tunic. If thou art that babe, then, indeed, thou must be the Messiah and our King."

There was no word in reply, but slowly the Christ bowed his head, at the same time holding out his hand, palm downward, and looking thereon, as he seemed meant to do, David saw a round, white cicatrice, proof of that thorn which had made its mark there so long ago. And as he gazed a cry went up from the multitude that had been watching the soldier bearing the purple robe as they divined what was coming. Quickly the soldier placed the robe around the shoulders of the Nazarene and the reed in his hand. Bowing down they mocked him and spat upon him, shouting, "Hail, King of the Jews." Then with one consent they moved out of the hall on their way to Calvary.

Ah! how like a king, He looked in that royal robe and crown; how silent and majestic His presence, how noble the scarred face! With a heart full to bursting David followed the crowd; he had forgotten Eleazar; not for the world now would he have his crown other than where it was! Half way to Golgotha he became conscious of the gold pieces

tightly clenched in his left hand, and realizing what they meant he cast them from him in horror. Through the long afternoon he knelt on the hill of Calvary, hidden from view behind a rock. With beating heart and an ardent longing he heard each sentence uttered by the dying figure on the cross. Did ever such love and tragedy compass the world?

At nine o'clock that night he staggered into the portico of his home, and drawing his wife into an inner room of the house, he closed and locked the door. Then he told her all.

THE old legend, whence this story is taken, says that David, the shepherd boy and weaver, witnessed a good confession for Christ, dying by imperial edict in his seventieth year. But before he was torn from home and kindred, he buried the sacred thorn in his garden and on the spot a strange flower bloomed. In contour it seemed like a tiny hand, cup shaped, with five curling white petals. Within was a heart of gold and outlined upon its gleaming surface were two round red spots that seemed not unlike two drops of blood.

Flowering for the first time on an anniversary of Our Saviour's birth, the faithful Christians of Bethlehem who saw it, and who knew the story of that which David the Weaver had buried in his garden, named it the Christ-Thorn of Bethlehem.

A New Foundation

THE Passionist Fathers have secured a site for a new foundation in the diocese of Springfield, Mass. It is planned to proceed with the building at once. The location is an attractive one on a ridge overlooking the Connecticut River and close to the highway between Springfield and Holyoke. The monastery, when completed, will partially relieve the pressure arising from the

abundance of vocations to the Passionist religious and missionary life. This monastery will be occupied by missionaries and professed students, the regular observance will be followed by day and night and the Fathers earnestly trust that their presence will fully verify the generous declaration of Bishop O'Leary that their coming would be a blessing to his diocese.

The Labor Problem

REV. R. A. MCGOWAN

XI. A Catholic Social Reconstruction League

CATHOLIC social teaching is getting before the Catholic public and the non-Catholic public more now than ever before in the United States. It is gaining followers in the most unexpected places. But it is not gaining the adherence it deserves nor are enough persons taking part in the development of its principles. What we need is an organization of the Catholics of the United States who are especially interested in Catholic social teaching so that the work of diffusing and developing it will go on apace.

Such an organization will do more in a shorter time, and will do better work than in any other way. Many more persons will know and become convinced of Catholic social teaching, and there will be more hopes of applying it to industry.

The Catholics who are now at work in this field are not exactly a fortuitous concourse of atoms. This is impossible from the very nature of the case. They have Pope Leo's Encyclical as a guide. They have the word of the Bishops' Pastoral Letter on the industrial problem. They have the Bishops' Program of Social Reconstruction. They have a common philosophy and theology. But except for this they are for the most part isolated.

They are not in much communication with one another. The task they are meeting is stupendous. It is one of the greatest that awaits our generation. It affects every part of life and nothing human is alien to it. Catholic social principles will successfully meet the problem of capital and labor and solve it. But the Catholics who are trying to diffuse, develop, and encourage the application of Catholic social teaching are not working together.

The work is so great that unless they think together, confer together, and plan together, the work will not be done. It is not enough for the large number of Catholics who are now engaged in this work to go ahead doing the best they can as individuals or working through bureaus of organizations with large and indiscriminate membership. The results of such action are interminably slow and disaster will overtake us before we realize it.

If Pope Leo's Encyclical on the Condition of the Working People is the touchstone, Catholics in

the United States should organize and learn exactly what its principles call for in American life. They should band together to spread among the rest of the Catholic public, and the American people as a whole, a knowledge of what the practice of justice and charity demands in American industry.

It is a fact that a great many Catholic business men know nothing of Catholic social teaching. Very, very few of them have even read Pope Leo's Encyclical. Their views on the labor problem have been gained for the most part from their commercial clubs, manufacturers' associations, the secular papers and magazines, conversations with their fellows, and the experience they have had, as colored by the information and viewpoint they have acquired, with their employees. They are generally good men and likeable men. They are acting according to their lights. But they have not allowed the light of Catholic social teaching to cast its flood upon their minds.

CATHOLIC labor leaders and Catholic employees are not much better. They are struggling for the right to organize and better the living conditions of themselves and their families. They are trying in a stumbling, halting way to secure more respect for themselves and their work in a generation in which they stand in an inferior position. In this they are acting out Catholic social teaching. But this is only part of it. Does the fundamental justice of any decision or agreement reached concern them much? Do they always act upon the belief that the strike is only the final weapon to be used to settle a grave cause? Do they have sufficient regard for the public? Do they know the main outlines of Catholic social teaching? Are Catholic labor leaders working to restore the guilds in twentieth century United States? Is it not with them rather a case of a day by day struggle with the day by day difficulties that arise? Do they know the industrial sections of the Pastoral Letter? Do they know the Bishop's Program?

Catholic employers applaud the opposition to Socialism, and the appeal to employees to give an honest day's work and not strike until necessary.

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Catholic labor leaders applaud the opposition to Socialism and statements about the right of employees to organize and their right to at least a living wage. But there is far more than this to Catholic social teaching. This is but the start.

And what, too, of those who do not belong to either class? What of the priests of the country and the Catholic editors, newspapermen, teachers, speakers, and lawyers? What of the men who are called upon to address Catholic organizations?

It will be agreed that while more Catholics know what Catholic social teaching calls for in general lines than ever before in the United States, their number could be increased a hundredfold and still there would not be enough. It will be agreed, also, that while more Catholics have gone into the details of Catholic social teaching than ever before, not enough by thousands upon thousands have reached that point.

The future of the American labor movement is most problematical. The only thing not problematical about it is that it will not stay the same as now. The facts of industrial life will direct the change, and one of the facts which will join in directing the change is what sort of a change men and women will want. The future of the American labor movement depends to a great extent upon what sort of thoughts men and women are having now, and what conclusions they are reaching.

Who are now at work in an organized way to direct the minds of the general public? Certainly Catholic social teaching, as expounded in the papers and magazines, in social study clubs, from the pulpit and the platform, in Catholic societies, in conversations, is taking part in educating Catholics and the larger public. But it is certain that we are not doing as much as those advocating other views. We are not organized for that purpose. We are working here, there, and everywhere. But there is no organization of Catholics to diffuse, develop, and encourage the application of Catholic teaching.

THERE are all sorts of secular organizations, some of which are doing good work in the field of industrial relations, some of which are doing bad work, and others of which are so mixed in their aims that among them they include all the shades of gray. An organization of Catholics who will confer together, plan together, think together, reach conclusions together about what Cath-

olic social teaching calls for in American life and how it is to be put into practice is imperative. Otherwise our efforts will not be enough to counterbalance the efforts of other organizations.

It is too big a task and so much depends upon it that unless we have an organization we fail. If we have it, no work now being done by anyone in developing and diffusing Catholic social teaching should be superseded. Only strength and greater courage and wiser action will be added. The efforts to get those Catholic organizations, established for general purposes, to take more interest in spreading Catholic social teaching will be helped and not hindered. The task of getting the general Catholic and non-Catholic public to know and believe in Catholic social teaching will be far easier. The individual will be strengthened. The Catholic paper will be given more subscriptions and its columns more vitality and more intelligent readers. The bureaus now connected with Catholic organizations of general aims will find sympathetic co-workers whom they can rely upon for aid and assistance.

THIS suggested Catholic social reconstruction league will bring together the Catholics who are interested in seeing American industry base itself on the practice of justice and charity. They will meet together in annual conference just as Catholics of the European countries meet together for the same purpose in what they call "Social Weeks." They will form a large number of committees on the various points in the broad program of Catholic social teaching so as to outline what the facts call for in the sight of justice and charity. They will establish committees on the best methods of diffusing the program. They will create committees on how the program can best be applied. It should be a thinking and conferring organization. It should be an organization to inspire its membership and direct them in the work of spreading the truth about the industrial system and how its evils can be cured.

Still, how such an organization should be formed, exactly how it should function, and what should be the limitations of its work are points of detail. They can, and should be, decided, partly by careful thought now, and partly by experience. What is of primary importance is the fact that an organization of Catholics to diffuse and develop Catholic social teaching is needed and should be established

A Yule-Tide Carol

MATTHEW KUEBEL

Lo! Christ hath come,
E'en now begins
Another epoch—hear the chimes!
For, He shall change the course of times:
Shall put down sins,
Give speech unto the dumb.

E'en at His birth
The work doth start—
A strange new face is put on things.
The night is killed with lightnings.
And fear doth dart
From end to end on earth.

The world stands still
As if it knew
Some wondrous thing should soon be wrought
Surpassing wildest human thought,
And sought the clew,
Like men in pending ill.

For muffled deep
In silent snow
All sound then slept as if in death.
And muttering winds held tight their breath
As on tip-toe
They to their vigils creep.

With fixed gaze
And far-withdrawn
Within the blue, the stars look down.
A king secure might bet his crown
Not any dawn
Could rival with its blaze

This splendid night.
But all that passed,—
A Babe was born, in outward form
Just like us all;—to keep Him warm
His Mother clasped
Him in sweet arms full tight.

A needy Child!
But ah! how soon
A new impulse shall take the world.
On citadel shall soon be furled,
From gaze at noon
The banners fluttering wild

Of Tyranny.
To Him shall bow
In vasselage the sceptred sway
Of kings. And soon shall pass away
The golden cow—
All base idolatry.

But, lo! there see
His escort points
With fulgent brows unto the place.
Meek shepherds thirtherward now face,
With frosty joints
But hearts well filled with glee.

For these meek things,
For such as these,
The first and foremost, did He come.
Not only these, but blind and halt and dumb,
When he shall please
Do all Isaias sings.

About the Child
Their faces glow
As when ringed round their vigil-fires,
On their Judean hills, and stars
On them burn low.
This central warmth is mild,

Unlike that old
Which baked and burned
Within the while they froze without.
And here with parted lips they doubt
As o'er they turned
In their slow wits with cold.

The thing they say
Who bring them thence—
They did not doubt it *so* but *how*
It now could be. They forward bow
Unto this Prince
In homage where He lay.

And tho' just born
It seemed to these
Somehow He understood it full.
And feebly grasped their shepherd's wool—
Which well doth please—
As who should say, "Good morn".

The cave was drear
With filth and straw
But fitful splendors came and went,
And whelming glory seemed uppent
By higher law
From bathing all things there.

And to and fro
And far around
Strange forms were flitting fast,
In raiment which in hue surpassed
All ever found
That dyes of Tyre bestow.

They came and went,
Gave honor meet
For king or prince, nay, e'en a God;
And onward passed, nor lighter trod
Morn's golden feet
On Alpine battlement.

Upon their sight
At last didst close
The wonder of that blessed morn,
For day meanwhile had wound his horn,
And o'er the snow
Gave chase to the black stag night.

And all the glare
Of that strange scene
Resolved into the auroral glow
Of Virgin beauty stooping low,
In Love serene
She needed not declare.

No Northern blast
However strong
Could quench the glow in their mild souls,
As rapt in breath, o'er wintry wolds
They stride along
In festive joy full fast.

Current Fact and Comment

The Year of Our Lord 1923

A TRULY happy New Year to you all! We wish you the sort of happiness that springs from a realization of eternal motives and values. It is the only happiness that abides and fully satisfies. The Master showed the way through sorrows, buffetings and apparent failure and declared: "My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth, do I give unto you."

At this season there is retrospect leading to assurance. With the old year many have gone into eternity; and we survive. We may find comfort in the words of St. Gregory: "The Lord delays His coming in order that He may find less to condemn." During the time that remains we should be content only with the happiness that will not have to be surrendered, but will emerge into everlasting joy. Hope glows within us and the will to persevere in our good resolutions is confirmed as we listen to St. Cyprian, Bishop and himself a martyr, discoursing on the shortness of life:

"We should consider, beloved, how we have renounced this world and that we are here as guests and each one his true home and which will restore to Paradise and the heavenly kingdom those taken up to Paradise and the heavenly kingdom those taken up and freed from the snares of the world. What pilgrim does not hasten to return to his fatherland? What voyager, homeward bound, does not anxiously look for the favorable breeze, that he may promptly embrace the loved ones? We know that Paradise is our country. . . . there a great throng of dear ones awaits us, longs for us, a numerous company of parents, brethren, children, secure in their own immortality and solicitous of ours. How great will be the mutual joy on our coming to the sight and the embrace of these! What will be the joy of that heavenly kingdom where fear is banished and where there will be life without end!"

The Allotment of Thrace

IF the decision of the Divine Arbiter prevails in the allotment of Constantinople and Thrace we should not be surprised if the Turks be favored. Conditions tolerated by the occupying Allies induced the Turks on their recent return to establish prohibition. Severe penalties are enacted against violators. Historically the reign

belongs to Greece. But we are reminded that the woes of that country began with its apostasy from the See of Peter and culminated with the triumph of the Moslems nearly five centuries ago. The Greeks retreated to their rugged peninsula and ever since have eked out a hard existence from the sterile soil. Memorable ruins in their midst recall the glory of ancient days and keep enkindled a phosphorescent glow of patriotism. Content with that reflected glory, all but a few remain in schism, and thus is the prophecy fulfilled: "The last state of that house shall be worse than the first."

Let There Be Light

THE result of the elections in the small state of Oregon favoring compulsory attendance at the public schools will lead to a fair examination of the constitutionality of the subject. Incidentally many Americans, uninformed as to the *raison d'être* and comparative value of the parochial schools, will receive enlightenment. The discussion will unavoidably disclose the shortcomings and moral perils of the public school if it marshalls in appalling array evidence culled from the public press and authentic sources all over the country. The general efficiency of the parochial schools in producing the finest type of citizen will be revealed to many who had vaguely ranked them as institutions designed to foster only peculiar denominational aims. The motives of the opponents of the parochial schools will be viewed with due suspicion. All this is particularly true and useful at a time when child welfare is the one common cause in which the support of the public is quite unanimous and when good people favor any effort that will enable the rising generation to resist the deterioration of modern society.

The Bible for the People

THE American Bible Revision Committee could not assemble for its fiftieth anniversary without being told that the work which they were now doing peacefully and fearlessly had been inaugurated under terrible difficulties. Referring to those who had made this "latest and best"

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version of the Bible, ex-Senator Beveridge declared that "they were not denounced as heretics, physical martyrdom was not visited upon them, and now that they are dead their bones are not dug up, cursed and thrown with maledictions into running streams. This was the varied fate of the most eminent of those who of old strove successfully to give the Bible to all the people." Thus was another stirring rhetorical period based on a time-worn distortion of history. The Church did not oppose giving the Bible to all the people, rather did she deal severely with those who failed to give all the Bible to the people, those who mutilated and perverted the sacred text according to their private whims and interpretations. Luther himself in the preparation of his vernacular version employed a German Bible already in use. He was not the only malcontent who presumed to introduce arbitrary renderings and to make convenient alterations. This tendency it was that drew reprimand, and not the mere desire to broadcast the Bible in the language of the people in an age when those who could read at all could read it in Latin.

Reveille—Going Coue One Better

NOT long ago a famous college coach came to the relief of the sedentary class who were physically unfit. He prescribed a dozen morning exercises, turning, stretching and twisting the neglected trunk muscles, with the reasonable promise that nerves would cease twitching, sleep and digestion would become normal, the body become supple and we would all grow old much more slowly. An enterprising manufacturer conceived the plan of setting these exercises to music on phonograph records. And now, if you consult your paper, you will find among the radio schedules something like this:

Station WGI. Medford Hillside, Mass.

7:00 A. M.—"Before Breakfast Set-ups." Prof. Jones of Physical Culture College.

7:00-7:20 A. M.—Toning-up Exercises for Business Men.

7:20-7:40 A. M.—Weight-reducing Exercises.

7:40-8:00 A. M.—Weight-increasing exercises. A short talk follows.

When we contemplate all this commendable, simple and attractive program for toning up the physical man we are reminded of the equally effective method of toning up the soul for the day's

stress and conflict by means of our morning prayers. If we could look into the homes of the land, say from 7:00 to 7:05 A. M., how many of the inmates would we discover kneeling reverently in prayer and asking for light and grace against another day of danger to their immortal souls and of exhaustion to their easily wearied spiritual faculties?

Your "Klu"

IF called upon to explain your opposition to the Ku Klux Klan it will suffice to refer to what is clearly and officially set forth as the ultimate object of the organization: "to establish and maintain the solidarity and supremacy of the Gentile white Protestant in America." You have evidence also that the means proposed to attain that object are brutal, cowardly and un-American. Of all hyphenations none is more vicious and indefensible than "Protestant-American" in the sense they have defined. Consistently should they tolerate "Catholic-Americans" and our right to compete for supremacy with all the absurd and sinister means which they have fabricated against us.

Bishop Nussbaum

BISHOP PAUL J. NUSSBAUM, who resigned the See of Corpus Christi following a severe railroad accident three years ago, has been appointed to the See of Marquette, Michigan. His Lordship has resided in the meantime at the monastery of his order in West Hoboken, N. J., and has quite entirely recovered from the disabilities consequent upon the accident. His prompt assignment to the peninsula diocese with its rather cosmopolitan population is considered by his friends to imply recognition of the varied talents and the energy which he applied to the spread of the faith and the progress of Catholic interests in his former charge.

A Very Moist Land

THE status of prohibition now seems to be that all those who want to drink or to entertain with drink have a safe and steady source of supply. The high cost has placed some wholesome restriction on the poorer class but the benefit thus derived may be outweighed by insidious harm

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to health and the selfish extravagance of those determined to get liquor at any cost. The statistician who figured that consumption had been reduced by four-fifths obviously had no means of computing the deluge supplied by smugglers, moonshiners and bootleggers. At one point on the Atlantic Coast one hundred and fifty craft were reported at one time defiantly awaiting communication with the shore. There can be no deduction pro or con from election figures with the irregular providers lined up solidly with the Drys. Californians who had pleaded that the Volstead Act would impoverish them voted overwhelmingly dry. Their sunkist grapes are in greater demand than ever, but not for table decorations. The millions of revenue that formerly loomed large in the national budget now purchase limousines and mansions for thousands of joyous bootleggers.

It is generally predicted that prohibition will sooner or later be resubmitted to a deliberate national verdict. Because personal rights and conduct are here so intimately concerned many will put forth the prior claim that a minority should not be coerced. Therefore there will still be evasion. The new legislation will be acclaimed by all if it deals more directly with the abusers of drink. There was consternation in the gay old Byzantine capital when the Turks recently introduced prohibition and enacted jail penalties for all drunkards. Jail all drunkards impartially whether they be habitués of cabarets, the slums or the various hitherto immune rendezvous of the rich.

The Quality of Our Reading

AUTHORS and publishers are looking upon the movies as formidable rivals. Perhaps we should be thankful to the movies. One hundred million books are sold in this country every year, including reprints. Of what quality are they? Helping to swell the enormous total is the output of a western publisher who is called the Henry Ford of literature. He might more appropriately be styled the green-bottle fly or bird of carrion. For the past three years ten million volumes in cheap and attractive form have issued annually from his presses, handy redactions of Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Ingersoll and all the familiar purveyors of morbid, Godless and sensuous theories. Among the new works of enormous circulation is H. G.

Wells's *Outline of History*. Every means was employed to advertise it, including the crafty drawing of fire from the critics. Although the public was warned that Mr. Wells's data were drawn largely from his fertile and spacious imagination, a million copies were sold. There appeared the inevitable amended edition at one-fourth off if you returned the coupon. Another large commission followed from the syndicate which is now dispensing the history to the newspapers in daily allotments. As the author was in the mood and under momentum he has produced a *Short World History* which he assures the public is not an abstract or condensation of that former work but planned and written afresh. All of which sounds very mercenary. We rather recommend the movies.

As Viewed by an Archbishop

IN analyzing the legislation enacted in Oregon at the recent election, Archbishop Dowling, chairman of the N. C. W. C. Department of Education, makes the following comment:

"This law denies the right of the parent to provide adequate and suitable instruction for his children in the schools of his choice. It sanctions by implication the Soviet claim to invade the home and substitute communal for parental care. There is no argument against communism if this law is constitutional. It denies the right of the individual to engage in the profession of teaching in any but a state school, thus suppressing wholesome competition in a field which without competition and criticism will become at least sterile and may become the seed plot of mischievous political propaganda. Moreover, it is an infringement of the liberty of conscience that has been the boast of our country, secured as we believe by our Federal Constitution and by all our state constitutions, for while many hold that religious instruction may be adequately imparted in other than school hours and school conditions, Catholics in this country maintain that without the school there will be no church. For this reason they have made their sacrifices, and are prepared to make more, in order to save their children from the dangers of materialism and of irreligion. They may be right or they may be wrong in this contention; that is beside the mark. They have acted within the law and in the spirit of our nation's fundamental principles and historic precedents."

Saints and Sinners

LUIS COLOMA, S. J.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS

Curra is an intriguing woman of high society in Madrid. She habitually neglects her husband, son, and daughter, and involves herself in various political and personal schemes of a questionable character.

A revolution which forces the Italian usurper Amadeo from the Spanish throne and establishes a republic in Spain, drives many Spanish loyalists, Curra among them, to Paris. There she meets Jacob Tellez, husband of Elvira, Marchioness of Sabadell, whom he has deserted, he being a libertine and politician of the worst type. Although formerly Spanish Ambassador to Constantinople, he has been compelled to flee from that city because of a crime committed there. Passing through Italy, Victor Emmanuel entrusts him with important Masonic documents for Amadeo. Upon learning that Amadeo is no longer king, he steals the documents, hoping thereby to procure wealth and political power. The Masonic seals he gives, rashly, to "Uncle Frasquito," an unsubstantial old fop.

Finding himself in dire financial need, Jacob seeks reconciliation with his wife, but in this he is foiled by Fr. Cifuentes and the Marchioness of Villasis. Curra becomes infatuated with him; he visits her home frequently; she keeps him well supplied with money. Subsequently his ardent attention to another woman arouses her jealousy. She manages to insult the "incognita" cleverly, but is paid back, just as cleverly, in kind.

Meanwhile Jacob receives a letter containing a blank sheet of paper, folded in two, to which is glued a Masonic seal, exactly similar to the one which he had taken from the Masonic documents which had been entrusted to him. Terrified, he hastens to Uncle Frasquito, only to learn that the seals have been stolen from him, and that he has been receiving innumerable letters from various places all containing one, single word, "idiot". He hastens to Italy, and interviews his friend, Garibaldi, who extricates him from his frightful predicament by giving him letters to H. Neptune, an influential Mason. Jacob then returns to Paris, and is reconciled to Curra, whom he has greatly offended by not informing her of his whereabouts.

About this time a strong political movement is begun in Spain to place Alphonso, son of Isabella, the last lawful queen of Spain, on the throne. Jacob, anxious to obtain a place in the new ministry, proceeds at once, with Curra and his friends, to Madrid. Alphonso becomes King, but Jacob does not obtain the coveted place in his cabinet. He does receive a letter containing on a white sheet of paper the red seal which had been attached to the stolen Masonic documents. Victor Emmanuel is dead, so Jacob writes a letter to H. Neptune, appealing for protection. He receives an answer, giving him an appointment "in Calle de X.... between twelve and one...." This letter is signed, "Senora de Rosales". Curra gets possession of it first, and is greatly disconcerted. Resealing the letter, she gives it to Jacob, who is at first puzzled by the signature, but understands it as done to conceal "all Masonic character". He keeps the appointment and is murdered. The murderers escape.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XII.

By eleven o'clock that evening Villamelon's house was quiet and dark. The Countess had complained of a bad headache and gone early to her rooms, while the Marquis had retired almost overcome with nausea; the servants had dispersed to partake of the amusements of the streets in Carnival time. But not everyone in the house was asleep. At half past eleven a little gate in the garden was quietly opened, and a woman dressed in the costume of a masquerader slipped cautiously out into the street. The *incognita* passed rapidly through the crowds to the corner of the Calle Tudescos, where she took a cab, telling the coachman to drive to the corner of the Calle X— and the Boulevard Recoletas. She alighted at this corner, and telling the coachman to wait, turned into the Calle, looking

hither and thither as though she were inspecting the ground. The street was very short. On the left side stood the garden of a hotel which fronted on the Boulevard, next a vacant lot filled with rubbish. Across the street was the side facade of a large hotel. The *incognita*, who was no one else but Curra herself, seemed much disturbed. There was manifestly no No. 4 in the Calle X—, there being apparently only the hotel itself. Could there have been a mistake about the house? Puzzled, Curra sought refuge in the cab, where she hid herself as well as possible, looking the while out of its window along the street.

A clock struck quarter past twelve, and very soon afterwards a tall man turned into the street. He wore a long cloak and held his hands crossed

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behind his back. He looked like a wandering lunatic or a poet in search of inspiration; perhaps a would-be suicide.

Curra watched him anxiously, fearful of the mystery of his movements. At the corner of the Boulevard the man in the cloak passed another who was hurrying rapidly from that direction. Curra's heart beat rapidly. It was Jacob, muffled up in a cloak, a slouch hat on his head. The same feeling of bewilderment which had taken possession of Curra, likewise beset him as he noticed that there was no No. 4 in the street. The woman watched him, her hand on the carriage door, as if waiting to speak to him. Finally, after walking rapidly up and down, the impatient Jacob began to think the whole affair a joke, and decided to go away. He turned the corner, and as he did so, Curra jumped out of the carriage and ran after him. As Jacob hesitated a moment on his way to look around him, the two came face to face, and Jacob recognized Curra immediately in spite of her masquerade.

"What are you doing here? What made you come?"

She was overcome by her anger and suspicions, and answered bitterly: "I came here to help you find No. 4."

"But how did you know about it?" cried the other. "Come along with me; you have made a mistake." And taking her arm, he turned the corner of the Calle X—. Curra, still furious, began to hurl accusations and insults at him, while Jacob vainly tried to prove his innocence. She would not give him an opportunity of answering her, and raised her hands as though she wished to scratch his eyes out. Jacob, angry at Perez Cueto's Carnival joke, and upset by Curra's reproaches, found that he must tell her the truth of the whole affair if he was to quiet her and retain her indispensable friendship. As he mentioned the name of the Masons, her anger disappeared at once, and she was overcome with a feeling of terror, odd to find in such a strong character.

"We must go! We must go! Do not stay here, Jacob, I beg you. Come! Come!" And with an expression of genuine fear, and gazing in all directions about her, she whispered to him: "They are excommunicated! Don't you know that? Excommunicated!"

JACOB had caught the contagion of her fear and tried to pacify her. "Don't be foolish, child. We will go if you want. But be calm! Am I not with you? Did you come all alone?"

"Yes."

"On foot? You are mad!"

"No. I have a cab here."

"Good! I shall see you home, and then I will drive to my house."

"Are you armed?" she whispered.

"Yes. I have a revolver."

They continued toward the Boulevard Recoletas. Curra glanced constantly about her, nervous and fearful, while Jacob tried to rid himself of the fear which her terror caused him. On arriving at the corner, they glanced at each other in amazement. The carriage had disappeared. There was absolutely no sign of it in any direction.

"Did you pay him?" asked Jacob, quite overcome. She clung to him trembling, and answered: "No."

Jacob was stupefied. A shudder ran through him. "Well," he finally said, "we must move on."

They continued walking, arm in arm, and started to cross to the opposite side of the Boulevard as there it appeared to be less lonely. Curra walked rapidly ahead, neither glancing to right or left, and sighed with relief when they reached the opposite side of the street. She looked about her. There was no one in sight for the moment, save a man on the Calle Almirante who walked along with his hands in his pockets, whistling a gay tune. As they passed the church of San Pascual, she quickly crossed herself, and Jacob, noticing this, said mockingly: "Silly!"

They had now arrived at the War Department, and here Curra felt more secure, for the solitude which had frightened her was now broken. A carriage drove down the Calle Alcala and turned toward the Prado. In the garden of the War Department building a guard's bayonet gleamed, while the sound of men singing could be heard nearby. This part of the building consisted of a pavilion one story high, with four facades, each with three windows. Two men, seemingly well dressed, but shouting like drunkards, turned round the corner of the pavilion, and collided with Jacob and Curra beneath the third window. The taller of the two men suddenly stood

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still, as the shorter stepped into the gutter, allowing the two to pass between them. In a second there was a horrible scene. Curra was pushed violently from Jacob's side. A hand tore off Jacob's mask, which fell to the ground, as something warm and liquid spurted forth and fell on Curra's dress and hands. She fled terror-stricken through the Calle Alcala, without realizing what had happened to her, unable to utter a sound. Then a weird and mournful cry reached her ears in the silence: "Help! Police! The man's dead!"

Then another voice cried three times, "Halt!" Two shots were fired. Curra, faint and dizzy, clung to the railings in front of St. Joseph's church. She wished to cry for help; then to die where she stood. She thought of going back; then of running on. The whistles of the night-watch sounded, and windows were torn open. She saw a guard running down the opposite side of the street, hooded, his pike and lantern raised.

Her reason did not help her, but instinct showed her the risk she ran, and once more she fled ahead, through the Calle Caballero de Gracia, not pausing a moment, seeing nothing, hardly breathing, until, breathless and faint, she found herself once more in her boudoir, eyes wild, limbs rigid, her brain burning with the terrible picture engraved on her mind. She looked at her hands which felt damp and sticky. A feeling of final horror passed through her soul, as suddenly there came to her half-paralyzed brain the picture of her daughter Lili kneeling in her studio holding up her small hands stained with her brother's blood, and repeating, in the horrified repetition of an unending terror: "Blood! Mamma, blood!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE authorities took a whole hour before they arrived to identify and carry the body away.

It lay on the sidewalk on its right side, the left side of the neck showing a dagger's thrust. The blood gushing from the wound had soaked the clothes and moistened the ground around. On the sidewalk, near the corner of the Recoletas and the Calle Alcala, lay a wrap bordered with fur, also stained with blood, which all feared to touch until the arrival of the authorities. The body was easily identified. The letter received that evening, making the false appointment, was found in a pocket, and two letters to H. Neptune from Garibaldi, and some

visiting cards with the name of the Marquis of Sabadell. The news circulated rapidly throughout the Court. Members of the Veloz Club hurried to the morgue to see the body. The newspapers published extras. The story of the guard at the War Office attracted attention. At about one in the morning, this man had seen through the railings a man and woman hastening past. They were arm in arm, he dressed in a long cloak, while the woman wore a cloak embroidered with fur. He had seen two men, apparently drunk, coming along the street, shouting and laughing. Both the couples passed in front of the pavilion, and he had thus lost sight of them. Then he had heard in the silence the fall of a body, followed by a cry of agony. He had seen the masked woman run down the Calle Alcala, while the two men, who before had seemed to be drunk, were now manifestly sober, and one had fled toward the Castellanan, and the other toward the Plaza de Toros. The sentinel could not leave his post owing to the railing, but he climbed up the latter part way, and saw the murdered man on the ground. He had shouted for the police, called on the fugitives to halt, and then fired twice for an alarm. Three watchmen, a policeman, and some soldiers had appeared. The man in the cloak was already dead.

Curiosity was aroused by the woman in the case. All that was known at first was that Damian, the dead man's valet, had been arrested, and that a certain Don Francis Xavier Perez Cueto had been called as a vital witness. It was finally whispered about that the Masons were involved in the affair, and that the crime would be classed with the mysterious murder of the dead man's friend, General Prim. Then the rumor spread that the murder was nothing more than the result of some intrigue, as the authorities had found a letter in the murdered man's clothes which could bear only the interpretation of a romantic appointment which he had made. A cloak, on the label of which appeared the words "Worth, Rue de la Paix, Paris," had also been found.

SLOWLY but surely the finger of suspicion began to point at the Countess of Albarnoz. To be sure, no one was foolish enough to hold Curra directly responsible for the crime. But they blamed her, nevertheless, as the indirect cause of Sabadell's death, of which she was not guilty, and over which she felt a genuine and deep grief. It

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was not a grief that expressed itself openly, but one which slowly and silently ate into her soul. Yet this small, frail woman possessed an indomitable will, and forgetting for the moment the horror of the night before, she resolved to defend her character, and to fight inch by inch the consequences of the terrible tragedy.

But preparation of the necessary replies to anticipated questions required time. Ferdinand was sick with one of his now constantly recurring attacks, and seizing this as an excuse, she gave orders that on Monday she would see no one among the many visitors whom she thought would throng to her house to question her. The whole day, however, passed by without a single person calling. She became alarmed at this silence, which she did not understand, since she had heard none of the prevailing rumors. In her loneliness she gave way to sudden spasms of anger, and finally decided that she would defy the world by some truly audacious action.

An opportunity soon presented itself. On Friday morning she received a notice stating that it would be her turn Saturday to act as a maid-of-honor to the Queen at the Royal Palace. For the first time since the terrible tragedy, Curra smiled, a sign that her plans were progressing favorably. There would be crowds at the Palace curious to see the new Queen, and all she needed was to be seen publicly at the Queen's side to be again placed in the position she had formerly held at the Court.

On Saturday morning she arose early and was gratified at the brilliancy of the sunny day. The Court carriages would remain open in such weather, and after the audiences of the day, she would easily be seen driving with the Queen. She could not help smiling at herself for the impatience with which she awaited the hour to start for the Palace. She had gowned herself exquisitely in dark blue velvet, with hat and wrap to match, and wore two beautiful black pearls in her ears. On her left shoulder she carried the two crosses of the maids-of-honor, the ancient red enamel cross of Queen Isabelle, and the M of diamonds and rubies of the new Queen Mercedes.

As she mounted the staircase of the Palace, her heart was beating, for two grooms had paused to look at her and whisper together. But when the King's guard at the door of the Salon Saleta gave the blow with his halberd which denoted the arrival of a Grandee of Spain, her pride came to her aid

and she entered the State Chamber with head high, thinking to find there the first lady-in-waiting and the gentleman-in-waiting. But there was no one in the room; so she seated herself on a bench facing the royal chamber to wait the call of the Queen. But her excitement proved too much for her, and she soon left the bench and went out on one of the balconies looking over the square.

A quarter of an hour must have passed, which had appeared to her a quarter of a century, when she heard the door of the Queen's apartment open behind her. She turned round quickly, but saw that the door had been partly closed again. She could hear, without being able to make out the words, a gentle woman's voice which seemed to be pleading with someone; then a man's voice and the emphatic command: "No! No! This very second!"

Curra quickly changed color. The door opened and a majordomo, apparently much embarrassed, stepped toward her. She pretended that she was engaged in looking at a portrait of Alphonso XII, which hung upon the wall. Then she turned her head slightly, saying in a trembling voice, in spite of her efforts at self-control: "A wonderful portrait! I have not seen it before. When was it hung?"

The majordomo did not answer her question, but said hesitatingly, as with a painful effort: "The Queen excuses you from her service, and has requested me to tell you that she wishes you to return the maid-of-honor cross."

Curra whirled round rapidly, with clenched teeth, her head thrown back as if she intended to attack the man, her wide-open eyes full upon him, reflecting the anger of one who has received a slap in the face, the despair of a person who finds her last hope crumbling, and the helpless menace of the weak crushed by a stronger hand. Then, as though she had recovered temporarily from the ignominious blow, she suddenly tore both the crosses from her shoulder and threw them on the floor.

CHAPTER XIV

CURRA was not struck to earth by this unexpected blow, nor did she give way to that feeling of anger and of awe which had terrified and humbled her under somewhat similar conditions at Loyola. In Father Pedro Fernandez's action she had felt the influence of the hand of

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God, which had stopped her from scandalously profaning His house. In the action of the majordomo she had felt but the hand of the King, who was but human and whom she could therefore attack, and, perhaps, conquer. But she was intelligent enough to see that neither her money, her beauty, nor her cleverness would again gather her old friends about her in that brilliant circle which had heretofore been the center of her existence. The King's action would have too wide an influence, and would affect the whole world of Madrid, hurling her from that throne of glory dominating the circle in which she had habitually moved.

Filled with indignation, she rallied her strong will to her aid, and decided that her safest course would be to beat a temporary retreat, and allow sufficient time to elapse, during which people would forget and tongues grow weary of gossip. She had seen this happen before! Nor could the hour be more propitious. Ferdinand was rapidly approaching a state of imbecility due to softening of the brain, and must journey at once to Paris, there to seek aid of a specialist who would endeavor to plant a ray of intelligence in that empty head which had never held any. She prepared for the journey.

Two days before starting Curra visited the College of Charmartin de la Rosa to take Lili away. The child was now thirteen years old, and seemed to hold heaven in her large blue eyes. Her mother showered her with caresses, and whispered that she was the bearer of good news. "Guess what it is!"

The girl, her eyes filling with tears, asked immediately: "Is father better? Has he gone to confession?"

This question disconcerted Curra considerably. Who would ever have thought that the child would talk about her father, and inquire whether he had received a sacrament, which he doubtless needed? She could not help laughing. No! It was something much better than that, some news about herself. She watched the child wonderingly, for Lili's face was suffused with blood, her body trembled. She looked expectantly at her mother.

"Can't you guess, sillybilly? Your schooldays are finished, and I've come to take you away."

The smile which had hovered on the child's lips disappeared. She clasped her hands and suddenly commenced to cry bitterly.

"But what is the matter, darling?" cried Curra, completely upset. "Why are you crying? Don't

you want to go along with me?"

Lili wiped her eyes with her little hands, and said: "'But everyone here loves me, both the Sisters and the girls."

"But, child, don't you think that you are loved at home?" cried Curra, really seriously. The child paused a moment before answering and then said with a touching simplicity: "Luis isn't there now."

Curra flushed with anger; but her anger suddenly turned to a bitter sorrow, perhaps the keenest touch of grief she had ever experienced in her life. Her own eyes filled with tears, and drawing the girl to her, she kissed her gently on the forehead and said tenderly: "We will pick him up on the way and take him to Paris with us."

The child shook her head, and slipping off her mother's lap, said firmly: "But I really cannot leave here. I really can't."

"But why not? There are only children here, and you are already grown up."

"There are grown-up people here also."

"Who?"

"The Sisters are grown up."

"You don't mean to tell me that you want to become a nun?" cried Curra, startled.

The girl nodded her head emphatically, and answered: "Yes."

"Ah! Is that so? I see," said Curra quietly. "So the Sisters, dear things, who love you so much, have put this idea into your little head."

"Ah! no. They have never said a word about it to me."

"Then perhaps it was their spiritual adviser, Father Cifuentes?"

"It was not Father Cifuentes."

"Who was it, then?"

"Luis."

"Luis? Well, I never!! And why doesn't he become a monk?"

"That is what I wrote to him: I sent him a life of St. Stanislaus, and a picture of St. Aloysius Gonzaga. He wrote back that he was indeed unfortunate, as he had a most important mission in the world. I can't guess what that could be."

CURRA suspected instinctively what it might be, and turned pale. There came vividly back to her the episode in her studio when the lad had hurled himself at Jacob, like a wild animal thirsting for blood, and her heart felt remorse

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and grief as from a wound that was still open. Ah! it was no longer necessary for the boy to think of this, for another hand had already accomplished the task at the corner of Recoletas. In her simplicity Lili had not realized the effect which her words had had on her mother, and continued: "He told me that I must always be very good, and never leave the convent; and that I must pray for him, and for you and for papa, for the wrath of God was about to fall on our house. I cried very, very hard, and offered myself as a nun; I told Mother Larin and Father Cifuentes."

"And what did they say in reply?" asked Curra, her lips white.

"Mother Larin cried."

"And the Father?"

"He smiled, but was kind to me, and told me that I must make no offering of myself until he so advised me."

Curra sat quietly and thoughtfully for a while, looking at the child. Then she said: "Father Cifuentes has a high opinion of you, hasn't he?"

"He is very good, and seems to like me very much."

Curra meditated quietly and seriously, as there swept from the depth of her heart, amid the sudden upheaval of all her plans, changing emotions of remorse, fear, and a mother's love. Then there floated to the surface of her soul an idea which dominated her suddenly and completely, a message from her evil angel, a sudden determination to avenge her wounded vanity and to dominate at the brilliant court again by recovering the position she had lost. She had caught a glimpse of an unknown path, which led to the goal of her ambition in a roundabout but secure way, and she no longer gave thought to anything else. For five long minutes she sat silent, fixing her plans. Lili looked at her from time to time, marvelling at this strange silence.

Finally Curra spoke. Her lovely little darling had indeed affected her; but as this was a really serious matter, it required thought and much consideration, and could not be decided hastily. She would leave the child at the convent for the time being, and would stop on her way to discuss the matter with Father Cifuentes.

Lili jumped from her chair at this decision and impulsively threw herself into the arms of her mother, kissing her and laughing and crying all at once. Curra herself was moved and a few tears

fell.

"You must pray to God that he will show us what to do. And now tell Mother Larin that I want to speak to her, if only for a moment."

Mother Larin came in, looking thoroughly alarmed, as though she feared a scene, but Curra merely threw herself, weeping, into her arms. She vowed that this was in one sense the happiest day of her life; she had prayed so long that her daughter might become a nun, and now God had granted her desire. Of course, it nearly broke her heart, and her only regret was that she did not have seven children like St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi, that she might offer them all to God. The world was such a wicked place! Mother Larin was considerably scandalized at finding St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi presented suddenly with such a large family, and hastened to remark: "Surely your Ladyship must mean St. Symphorosa."

"Ah! was it St. Symphorosa? I thought it was the former. I read the 'Christian Year' every day, but then I do make odd mistakes. But you must tell me, Mother Larin, do you really think that my daughter's vocation is genuine?"

THE Mother raised her eyebrows and said humbly: "I hope so, as the child has a serious character. But I think that you ought to speak to our spiritual director about it."

"And he is?"

"Father Cifuentes."

"Father Cifuentes? I am delighted! He is saint, and both wise and prudent. But I do not know him. Will you not give me a little letter of introduction? Explain to him what my own wishes are, and the good faith I have evinced in this matter. You know me, Mother Larin, and how unfortunate I am. People have such a wrong idea of me!"

Curra was convincing herself of what she said, and finished her speech with an outburst of tears, hiding her face in her handkerchief. The Mother was well pleased and firmly convinced that this strayed sheep wished to re-enter the fold. She sought to console her and promised that she would communicate with Father Cifuentes that evening, informing him of the approaching visit.

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart, Mother Larin, and I shall never forget you," cried Curra. "But you mustn't think that this question

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can be decided offhand and without any trouble. Ferdinand is a good man, but of course not as pious as we women are, and may well look on this affair of Lili's from a different angle than we do. But do not forget the really essential thing, Mother. Make the Father understand carefully how sincere I am in this, and the uprightness of my intentions! And then, as she was about to leave the room: "Ah! I had nearly forgotten something! I heard that you are ordering a new altar for Holy Thursday, and I want to pay for it myself. I want to make this offering in Lili's name, as a present from her to the convent."

"Ah! Thank you very, very much, your Ladyship."

"Thanks? Ah! Mother Larin, what a world it is! I wish that money were spent only for such things!"

She went to her carriage. Her plan must have been inspired by Heaven! Strange that this idea had never come to her before, especially when that letter from Loyola had revealed it so carefully to her: "If the Countess of Albarnoz has come to Loyola for the purpose of confessing her sins, it will not be necessary to make an appointment for any day or hour, for all are quite convenient." And changing the words slightly as she pondered them, she paraphrased them as follows: "If the Countess of Albarnoz goes to Loyola, that is to Father Cifuentes, and confesses her sins, pleading with God for pardon; or, what is much the same thing, deceives the old man by telling him that she wishes to, and concealing those things which might make him lose confidence in her, well, under his respectable shadow, and clinging to his cassock, she can enter the circle of aristocratic devotees, and, rosary in hand, regain by the path of piety the position she had lost through scandal and ingratitude."

It would be unnecessary to commit a sacrilege to do this. Sacrilege had always terrified her, and still terrified her. She wanted to do what was absolutely necessary; make a good confession, in which she would tell all her sins and follies. What would it matter if Father Cifuentes knew what had already appeared in the newspapers, and what she had herself read without blushing? If she had been forced to make a real sacrifice or break any ties, that might be different. But the assassin's dagger had broken the ties, and she had nothing left but anger in her heart and a wounded soul. And the

thought of the dead Jacob, and her own fall from her pedestal, made her blood boil with fury . . .

HE called on Father Cifuentes with a certain feeling of fear, for the Father had the reputation of being clever. With her own natural cleverness she unfolded her plan, explaining about Lili's vocation, as the one desire of her life, and the struggle which might ensue owing to Ferdinand's opposition. The latter was a clever thought, which the Countess carefully explained, that later on she might be able to use it as an excuse to frustrate the child's plans, after her own ends had been obtained.

The Jesuit listened to her impassively, fastening his sharp eyes on her, which made Curra rapidly glance away. When she had finished her explanation, Father Cifuentes produced his snuffbox and bandana handkerchief, and said emphatically: "Your daughter, Madame, has no vocation."

Curra was entirely disconcerted, and stammered: "But she said she had. I thought—"

"You thought wrongly, Countess. She is an angelic child, but she is terrified by the letters from her brother, which cut through to her very soul. It was owing to this that the child wishes to offer the sacrifice of her own life for the salvation of others, and in reparation for their sins, for which she sorrows as the angels sorrow, blaming no one: please note what I say, your Ladyship, throwing the blame on no one."

The Countess modestly lowered her eyes as though she did not know whether she was or was not to blame. The Father continued: "You must understand that this sacrifice, which I have encouraged for what there is that is meritorious in it, and because this total offering may alone be enough to secure what the child wishes from God, is by no means a religious vocation; it is simply an offering which the child desires to make; but while God does not accept it, a true vocation cannot exist, and until that time I can neither advise it nor authorize it."

Curra thought to herself, without understanding the strange allusions in this speech: "We are apparently only beginning the conversation!" She held a beautiful prayer book in her hand which she had brought along to impress the Father with her piety. "What do you think ought to be done?"

"Let God's grace work. He may well give her

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a vocation as a reward. In the meantime let her stay at the convent."

"But don't you think that it would be better for her to return to her home?"

Father Cifuentes opened his snuffbox, and said quietly: "No, Madame. The life there might not corrupt her, but it would surely kill her."

Curra made no protest against this judgment. She merely seized the opening offered to advance her plan, and said sadly: "Ah! yes, Father, you are undoubtedly correct. If you only realized the things that happen in my house, and the position in which I find myself." Hiding her real intention under the artful disguise of ingenuousness and simplicity, she told Father Cifuentes the truth about her life, about Jacob's terrible death, and the accusations of invisible enemies, her inability to defend herself at the Court, and the great need she felt for some holy person who would assist her, pardon her real sins and defend her from false accusations; she wished for such a person's protection and friendship. She was not asking this for herself, as she admitted that she deserved nothing, but she asked it for the sake of her children.

Curra paused with bowed head and crossed hands, anticipating a stinging reproof and an exhortation to penance, ending in a generous offer of help along the lines she desired. But Father Cifuentes, who had listened quit unmoved to her story of shame and sin, and who showed neither surprise, disgust, nor sorrow, again produced the snuffbox, and taking a pinch, said quietly: "Are you making the retreat?"

"What retreat?" she asked, taken by surprise.

"The retreat of St. Ignatius. The exercises commenced yesterday at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in the Calle Caballero de Gracia. You have plenty of time: they commence again this very afternoon."

"Why—yes, of course," stammered Curra. "But I think that one cannot make the retreat without an invitation of some kind, and I have none."

"Then I shall have to give you a note of introduction to the Superior, and I will speak to the Marchioness of Villasis, who is president of the council."

CURRA was so pleased that she nearly gave herself away. She had won out, and in spite of the Father's cleverness, he had swallowed her bait whole. What between the Marchioness of

Villasis, who had a better reputation than any other lady at Court, and Father Cifuentes, who possessed great prestige there, she could now make a triumphal entry into the circle of pious and aristocratic ladies, and once she was established firmly among them, she could then slowly but surely reconquer lost ground and finally retrieve the position she had lost . . .

She dressed simply in a black silk gown trimmed with fur and arranged her mantilla gracefully over her shoulders, the edges partly covering her face yet showing her red hair, which she had left exposed, so that no one should fail to notice her in case of darkness or doubt.

The exercises were to commence at five o'clock and at seven minutes past she entered, that every one present might see her. As she left her carriage and entered the vestibule, she expected to find a nun there whom she might ask for the Marchioness of Villasis or for Father Cifuentes. But she found no one and saw but a long stairway with an iron balustrade. At the top two ladies were whispering together, who, on seeing Curra mounting the stairs, quickly disappeared before that lady had had time to recognize them. She was now in front of the open door of the chapel, which was long and wide, with a large door at the back, communicating with the convent, and another door at the side for the use of the congregation. The altar was in front, very simply decorated, with lights burning to the left and right of the Tabernacle. High above the altar was a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart and hanging from the base to the floor a curtain of brocaded red velvet, upon which were embroidered the words: "*Venite ad me omnes!*"

Curra noticed an empty seat at the end of a bench, and here she knelt, making one of those curious gestures in the air with which certain women pretend to cross themselves, clasping her little hands devoutly together and bowing her head, yet carefully watching out of a corner of her eye everything and everybody in the chapel. Curious the magnetic knowledge of a feminine congregation! A few moments later there was not one person in the chapel who did not know of Curra's presence.

THE chapel was soon filled as other ladies entered, and the latest arrivals squeezed in anywhere rather than occupy the vacant space next to Curra. The latter was oppressed by this, and irritated. Her irritation made her think of all

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those scandals of her past life which were public property, and which had been at least tolerated, if not approved, by this very Madrid which had now made her an outcast, throwing the blame on her, and causing her to think with perfect logic: "Am I now any worse than I was before? What a world! Filled with injustice and shame! Lili was right, in her innocence, in not wanting to enter it."

The thought of Lili made her contrast the image of the foul Madrid with the bright and pure figure of Lili, a thought which seemed to possess her and contrast all too vividly with that loathsome mass of corruption which she had drawn out of her past as she thought over the scandals of her life. But a feeling of pride moved within her: "I may be loathsome, but God must judge me, and not man!" She raised her eyes to throw a look of defiance about her. In front of her she suddenly saw the statue of Christ, whom alone her wounded pride accepted as a fitting judge, showing his wounded Heart, and seeming to say in the words embroidered at its base: "Come to me, all of you!" A shudder passed through her, and she murmured: "*Omnes! All of us!*"

The Rosary had been recited, and a Jesuit Father mounted the pulpit to commence the meditation for the day. The meditation was concerned with the Last Judgment, and was divided into three sections: the confusion of the hypocritical at seeing their sins exposed: the final shame of scandal-mongers: and the justification of Providence, the final manifestation of the will of God, working always for the good of man amid the triumphs and defeats of his life on earth, revealing the paternal love of God for every soul, and the harmony of his two great attributes of justice and of mercy. The Jesuit spoke simply, explaining these great truths, now and then drawing vivid pictures which affrighted the imagination of his hearers and prepared their souls for hearing those fearsome words: "Dry bones, hear the word of the Lord!"

There was a profound silence; and then the Jesuit spoke of the essential goodness and kindness of God, his great mercy, ever holding forth to the converted sinner full pardon for the terrible crimes he had committed.

"Imagine a man who has touched the limit in his crimes. Imagine every sin he could possibly have committed. Imagine him asleep, heedless of his shame, and on the brink of the grave. But one

day, as in the dream of Nebuchadnezzar when the huge stone rushed down the side of the mountain and broke to pieces the great idol with its feet of clay, so God's mercy, won by the prayers of some pure soul, will demolish this mass of evil, and will cause a tear to fall from this hardened heart. This tear will reveal to him truth, win pardon for him, and give him peace!"

HS though this very tear, won by the prayers of some pure soul, had formed in a certain heart and burst forth in violent grief, the silence was broken by a cry which echoed throughout the chapel, causing the Jesuit to stop a moment in his talk. The ladies, pale and shocked, looked at one another as they witnessed the Countess of Albarnoz fall upon her prieu-dieu, clenching her hands to control, as she finally succeeded in controlling, the moans and cries of pain which struggled within her breast, yet found no outlet through her lips. The meditation came to an end, and that beautiful hymn of the repentent sinner was sung, "Pardon, Oh! My God!" The large congregation passed out of the chapel by Curra, who did not stir, as though she were bound down by the sins of her life, unable to move under the glance of curiosity, compassion, and sometimes scorn from her rivals of the past. The chapel was now empty, and a nun moved about, extinguishing the lights one by one, as the Countess of Albarnoz neither stirred in her seat nor gave a sign of life. A pair of arms finally encircled her and a voice whispered to her: "Curra, my daughter, my carriage is here. Shall I take you along with me?"

She raised her head and looked fearfully at the woman who spoke to her, a look which seemed to have no consciousness of reality, and which showed as in two deep pools an unbounded horror and agony. At last she recognized the Marchioness of Villasis, and hid her face upon her breast, stammering between her sobs: "Yes, yes! Take me where no one can see me—to Chamartin with my daughter."

The young girl showed no surprise at seeing her. With the consent of Father Cifuentes she had that very afternoon offered the sacrifice of her life to God, and had been waiting for her mother, with that confidence and serenity with which the angels await the return of a sinner.

To be continued.

The Appeal of Jesus Crucified

The articles in this section, while intended primarily for members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion, will be helpful to all. They will serve as a guide to lead us to the Cross, there to learn the measure of Christ's love for us and to gath-

er strength against our own sinfulness. We ask all our readers to join the Archconfraternity. Its obligations are few and easy. Address THE SIGN for application blanks. Leaflets on the Passion supplied free.

THE SIGN AT BETHLEHEM

"This shall be a Sign unto you: You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger" (Luke 2).

When Jesus Christ was born at Bethlehem on that ever-memorable Christmas night, an Angel was sent by God to some humble shepherds in the neighborhood to announce the glad news. "There were in the same country shepherds watching, and keeping the night-watches over their flock. And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them: Fear not; for, behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people; for this day is born to you a Savior, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David." Good tidings indeed they were. The whole human race was weighed down by the burden of sin and was groaning for the Deliverer—the Savior, who



had been promised to our First Parents in the Garden of Eden. The Jewish people in particular, were expecting His appearance at any moment, for the time, so clearly, predicted by the prophets, had arrived. Now, behold, He was at length come—the great Jehovah, the Omnipotent God.

Then the Angel went on to tell where they would find this Savior and how they would recognize Him. He gave them a *Sign*. "This shall be a *Sign* unto you: You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger." You shall find Him, i.e., as a helpless babe, amidst poverty and suffering. A strange Sign, this! An odd place for the King of kings and the Lord of glory to be found—a stable, a manger.

FIRST PART OF MEDITATION

(Considerations and Affections directed to Jesus.)

CONSIDER THE HUMILIATION, POVERTY, AND SUFFERINGS OF THE DIVINE INFANT: In spirit go back to that first Christmas and draw a vivid picture of the scene, as if actually happening before your very eyes. Accompany Mary and Joseph in their long and tedious journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem. See them as they arrive at that over-crowded town, walking its narrow, winding streets in search of a lodging for the fast approaching night. From the public inns and private homes came the same disappointing response—All room taken. Impossible to accommodate another one.

Weary and foot-sore, they betake themselves to the outskirts of the town in hopes, perhaps, of finding some humble farm-house to open its door for the night. On the roadside stood a dingy cave

which was used as a stable to house some cattle. Into this miserable abode, Joseph and Mary entered. See Joseph with lantern in hand, driving the cattle into a corner and preparing the manger as a cradle.

When, lo! at the midnight hour, when the noise of the town is hushed and the populace is buried in sleep, suddenly a heavenly light fills that humble stable and the long looked-for Savior and Messiah, the Eternal Son of God, appears among men. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us."

With the shepherds we now approach that lowly stable and pause at the entrance, as we gaze upon the poverty and wretchedness of the surroundings—the cattle, the manger, the straw upon the floor. We cast our eyes on the humble Foster-Father, then on the modest Virgin Mother, as she beckons us to approach. She points to the Dear Little Object of her love, and we, in spirit, bow down and adore. We ask Mary if we might take Him into our arms

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and kiss and fondle Him, and she lifts Him up and rests Him on our bosom. As we hold Him in our embrace, we speak out our hearts in acts of profound faith and love and sympathy. "Dear little Infant, so weak and helpless, I believe most firmly Thou art my God, the Creator and Ruler of the universe. I love Thee and wish I could love Thee as Thou dost deserve to be loved. My heart goes out to Thee. I sympathize with Thee in Thy humiliations, Thy poverty and sufferings. Oh, Immaculate Mother, would that I could understand and share in the sentiments which filled thy tender heart in Bethlehem." (Continue in such acts as long as you experience fervor.)

SECOND PART OF MEDITATION

CONSIDER THE LESSON TAUGHT BY THE HUMILIATIONS, POVERTY AND SUFFERINGS OF THE DIVINE INFANT: Why did the Eternal Son of God choose such surroundings on His coming into this world? He had it in His power to choose different surroundings; He could have come as a full-grown man, like Adam at the first moment of his creation. He could have descended from the clouds, with thunder and lightning, as a mighty king. Or, if He would come in the helplessness of infancy, He might at least have chosen a palace for His birth-place, and people of wealth and social distinction for His parents. But no! He chooses humiliations, poverty, and suffering. He decrees that thus it shall be, precisely because He came into the world as its *Savior*—came to make perfect atonement for human sin and to apply an effectual remedy to all human misery and all human wickedness.

To atone for human sin, He must suffer in those very things in which men had sinned. To apply an effectual remedy to the misery and wickedness of human nature, He must, in His own life, condemn those things which are the cause of that misery and that wickedness, and thus go to the very root of the evil. Pride, inordinate love of worldly goods, and bodily pleasures—these are the things in which men have sinned. The concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life—these are the cause of all human misery and human wickedness. Humiliations, Poverty and Sufferings, therefore, are the required atonement for sin and the only effectual remedy for the misery and wickedness of human nature. In a word, the world could

be saved only through the Cross. Hence the Cross was to be the Savior's portion from first to last. His Passion was not confined to Calvary—it began in Bethlehem. This shall be a *Sign* unto you: you shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger."

The practical lesson, then, taught by the humiliations, poverty, and suffering of Bethlehem, is the supreme necessity for us of humiliations, privations, and sufferings. Only by these means shall we atone for our sins and only by these means shall we apply an effectual remedy to our personal spiritual misery and wickedness. Our life, like that of Christ, must from first to last be marked by the Cross. "This shall be a *Sign* unto you" by which you can be recognized as a true disciple of Christ. We must resemble Him if we will be saved. "Whom God foreknew, He also predestined to be made conformable to the image of His Son, that He might be the First-born of many brethren." (Rom. VIII.) "Christ suffered for us, leaving you an example that you should follow in His footsteps." (Peter II.) "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me." (Matt. XVI.), says Jesus. We must, then, esteem the Cross, love the Cross, submit to the Cross, and even go in search of the Cross.

APPLICATION TO OUR OWN SOUL: Alas, my Jesus, I have not heretofore understood this lesson, still less have I practised it. Now I understand why I continue to be burdened with sin and enslaved to my passions. I have rejected the remedy, I have neglected to go to the root of the evil, and have sought the very things which I should have avoided.

Oh, Jesus, now I see what a blessed privilege it is to be allowed to partake of Thy cross—to share in Thy humiliations, Thy poverty, and Thy sufferings. Oh, let this *Sign* hereafter mark my life as it did Thine. Grant me, I beseech Thee, dear Infant Saviour, the grace to esteem and love the Cross; to welcome the Cross and bear it patiently and cheerfully unto death.

FRUIT OF THIS MEDITATION: To submit with patient resignation to the humiliations, privations, and sufferings sent by God.

EJACULATION: "We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee, because by Thy holy cross, Thou hast redeemed the world." (100 Days' Indulgence.)

What Do You Know About:

The Church Year?

TIME is the most precious gift God has given us. One moment of time, rightly used, can purchase heaven, one moment of time, ill used, can bring us down, even unto hell! Time well spent means a happy eternity, time sinfully spent means a miserable eternity. Queen Elizabeth, upon her death-bed, viewed with alarm the misuse she had made of the years of her long reign, and exclaimed: "All my possessions, I'd give, for a moment of time." St. Alphonsus, much wiser than Elizabeth, many years before his death made a vow to God that he would never lose a moment of time, but that he would use every moment for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

It is this spirit of the saints which the Catholic Church breathes into all her children. With St. Paul (Gal. 6:10) she says to us "while we have time let us do good." (Ep. 5:16) "Redeeming the time, for the days are evil." She does this in a very practical way by the institution of the Church Year, consecrating times and seasons to the glory of God, to the life and memory of Jesus Christ and His Saints. Our separated brethren, seeing the utility of the Church's year, are gradually returning to the use of this ancient and apostolic custom. Nearly all Protestants now keep festival at Christmas and Easter. Lutherans and Episcopalians observe Good-Friday, even taking to the spirit of Lent and Advent. Many devout Protestants abstain from flesh-meat on Friday in honor of our Lord's Crucifixion, while thousands more never dream of absenting themselves from religious services on Sunday. But the Catholic Church blesses the entire year, every month and every day, so that her children may never forget that time is only a preparation for eternity.

It will be interesting, however, to note in a brief manner just how the Christian cycle of feast and fast originated in the Apostolic Church, and how in process of time it developed.

SUNDAY AND EASTER: The seed from which sprang the perennial flower of Christian fast and feast is the observance of the first day of the week, Sunday, by the Apostles and their disciples and successors. The great miracle, the Resurrection of Christ, on which Catholi-

cism rests, occurred on Sunday. On that day Christ proved to the world that He is the Messiah, the Son of God, the Judge of the living and the dead, our Redeemer, in Whom is all our hope for time and eternity. From the very first, therefore, Sunday became for the Apostles and the first Christians the weekly Holy Day. On that day they assembled to say the liturgical prayers and to celebrate the Holy Mass. When the keeping of Easter was definitely settled, there logically followed a commemoration of the sorrowful events in the life of Our Lord that led up to His victory of Easter Day. The early Church kept Holy Week by calling to mind the Last Supper of Our Lord, at which solemn moment He instituted the Sacrifice of the New Law, the Holy Mass, and ordained the Apostles the priests of the New Testament. This the Church celebrated on Thursday of Holy Week. She commemorated Our Lord's death on Friday, His burial on Saturday which became known as the Great Vigil or Night Watch of the Feast of Easter. Preparation for Easter then lengthened out into the protracted Fast of Lent, commemorative of the forty days' fast of Our Lord in the desert preparatory to His entrance on His public life and missionary career. As the Church prepared for the celebration of Easter by the season of fast and abstinence, so she fittingly followed the Queen of Feasts by a fifty day period of spiritual gladness, called Eastertide. This joyful period ends on Ascension-Day and finally culminates in the Feast of Pentecost, when the Church calls to mind the descent of the Holy Ghost upon Mary and the Apostles who were gathered together in the upper chamber in Jerusalem.

CHRISTMAS AND ADVENT: In order to complete the annual celebration of the events of Our Lord's life, Christmas was instituted at a very early date and was prepared for by the penitential season of Advent, the four weeks immediately preceding Christmas. This feast is known to have been celebrated at Rome in the year 354 and was soon after introduced by St. John Chrysostom into the Church of Constantinople. The four Sundays of Advent represent the four thousand years during which Israel sighed and prayed for the coming of the Redeemer. It is with the same spirit that the

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Church keeps Advent. Not indeed sighing for the coming of Her Lord, for He has already come, but rather she prepares herself and her children for the time when He shall come at the hour of death, the hour of particular judgment. The Church at this time puts aside her vestments of joy and her songs of praise. She dons the purple robes of prayer and penance and she omits the triumphant strains of the *Te Deum Laudamus* and the *Gloria in Excelsis*. She prefers to humble herself and pray thus: "Draw nigh, draw nigh Emmanuel, and ransom captive Israel, that mourns in lowly exile here, until the Son of God appear. Rejoice, rejoice, Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel."

Thus prepared the Church celebrates Christmas with the triple Mass, at holy mid-night hour, at dawn and at noon. She thus celebrates the triple Birth of the Word! His eternal generation in the bosom of God the Father from all eternity, His temporal birth in the womb of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and lastly, His spiritual birth in the hearts of the faithful soul every day and hour. Christmas is followed by the Feast of the Circumcision on New Year's Day and by the Feast of the Epiphany on the sixth of January when is celebrated the revelation of the Incarnate Word of God to the Gentiles. The liturgical color of the Sundays after the Epiphany is green, the color of virility and growth, for it is at this time that we call to mind the Childhood, Youth and early Manhood of Our Lord Who grew in "wisdom and age before God and man." January is the month dedicated to the Divine Infancy; February to the public life of Our Lord, March to the season of Lent and the Sacred Passion, while springtime and Eastertide coincide with parts of April and May, leaving June to recall the descent of the Holy Ghost and so prepare for the rich fruit contained in the mysteries of Corpus Christi and the burning love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. July is sacred to the Precious Blood. Then follows the long succession of Sundays after Pentecost which brings us up to the beginning of the Advent. The color of these Sundays is green, a type of the growth of the Christian soul in the knowledge and love of God through summer and harvest time, intimating that we should be bringing forth the fruits of penance and virtue.

FEASTS OF OUR LADY: The Church never can forget Mary the Immaculate, who was so closely allied to Our Lord in the work of Redemption. The Church therefore represents her spotless life in

a round of fast and feast, by calling to mind her Immaculate Conception on the December 8, and her birth on the September 8. The Church celebrates that most wonderful event when "The Word was made flesh" and Mary, a pure and angelic Virgin, conceived by the Holy Ghost, becoming thereby the Mother of God, on the March 25. May is devoted to the memory of Mary, while October is the month of the Holy Rosary.

FEASTS OF THE MARTYRS: Every one knows that the first three hundred years of the Christian era is the Age of the Martyrs. The early Christians revered the martyrs and commemorated annually the death of these heroes. They held religious services at their tombs, using the graves as altars, whereon they said Holy Mass. The most notable of the martyrs were, of course, the Apostles, and among the apostles there stood pre-eminently Saints Peter and Paul, who suffered for the faith at Rome, where from the earliest days their holy martyrdom was commemorated on the 29th of June. Christians of every age and clime have made their devout pilgrimages to Rome to kiss the holy places made precious by the blood of these Apostles. In quick succession there came into the Church Year the Feasts of other Martyrs. When liberty of worship had been secured, heresy raised its ugly head, but with it arose the holy Confessors. Those giants of truth and virtue wrote, and preached, suffered persecution for the Gospel of Christ, which the Apostles handed down and for which the Martyrs shed their blood. Such were Athanasius, Augustine, Jerome, Ambrose, Chrysostom, and a host of others. A grateful posterity has hallowed their memories on anniversaries of their death. In this way arose the feast days, sacred to the memory of these heroes.

Each Saint's day comes with a special lesson and word of encouragement. The memory of the Apostles strengthens our faith in Christ, that of the Martyrs allures us on to greater fidelity and love, that of the holy monks and hermits withdraws us from the giddy world, that of the Virgins helps us in the keeping of chastity.

Such is the grand and holy purpose of the Church Year. It renders holy every moment of time, it helps us to walk always in God's presence, and never to forget Him. It takes away all the tedium of routine in religious observances by giving variety of fast and feast.

With the Junior Readers



of The Sign

New Year's

Matthew Kenan Carey

One of the world's "red-letter" days,
A time to be merry and gay,
But I wonder how many are thinking
Of the first "New Year's" today.

That was a great "red-letter" day,
For the redness was made, you see,
By the blood that dripped from a Tiny Babe
A-lying on Mary's knee.

And thus came the real beginning
Of the Christian World's "New Year's",
When first the blood of Jesus flowed
With the water of Mary's tears.

So a Happy New Year!
May it find you merry and gay.
But I wonder if you are thinking
Of that first "New Year's" today.

A Boy's Diary

JOHN D. LONG, who became Governor of Massachusetts and Secretary of the United States Navy, as a small boy of nine started to keep a diary. It is being published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Here you have a glimpse of a boy's life in the old-fashioned days. Observe the discipline submitted to, the tastes cultivated, the lively interest shown in household, religious and even political matters. We have not space for incidents indicating that he enjoyed life more intensely than modern youth. What a contrast between him and the modern boy when the latter is not allowed to attend the movies twice a week, or the modern girl propped up in cushions with a novel while her mother toils in the kitchen! We quote a few items from young Long's diary:

Sunday, Feb. 13, 1848 (First entry)— . . . I have read the Bible almost through, in course. I read a chapter every day, and three every Sunday; and when I get through, mother is to give me a knife, a wallet, and a sack coat for next summer. Father is to give me a dollar.

Monday, Feb. 14—Very pleasant morning . . . I am reading Esq. John Loring's library. Father is not willing I should read novels until I shall have read very many other books, and until I am older. I shall read Scott's "Ivanhoe" next summer.

Wednesday, Feb. 18.— . . . I was next to the foot this forenoon in my class at school, and I got next to the head spelling the word despair.

Sunday, Feb. 20—We have had so many warm days, the sleighing is almost gone. . . . I have read in the Bible, and in the 19th Chapter of Acts it says that miracles were performed by Paul, by which diseases were healed and evil spirits cast out. Some of the bad Jews undertook to do the same things, calling over them possessed with evil spirits the name of Jesus. And the evil spirit said, Jesus I know, Paul I know, but who are ye? And the man who had the evil spirit leaped upon the vagabond Jews and overcame them, and they fled naked and wounded. I love to read the Bible. It is the best book in the world, because it is the word of God, our Lord.

Thursday, Feb. 24— . . . Father has borrowed me a little axe of my cousin Carrol Loring, and if it suits me, will buy it for me. Father expects some wood today, and I shall chop with my little axe then. Father says I am to chop with my little axe, but never split with it, but take the old axe to split with.

Sunday, Feb. 27— . . . I have been reading the 24 Chapter of Acts, about Paul, who was brought before the governor and accused of being a pestilent fellow . . . etc. And Paul answered to this accusation boldly and eloquently. Paul was a learned man and a fearless Christian and could defend his faith as well as anybody. I love to read his speeches.

Monday, April 3— . . . I was ferruled for chewing boxberry leaves at school.

Sunday, April 23— . . . I have been reading in the first Corinthians about Paul's advice. Paul was an old bachelor [private judgment germinating], and he did not think it was best to marry.

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Sunday, April 30—A pleasant but windy morning. . . . The revolutionary movement is pervading in Europe. The Last Steamer brings news that in England and Ireland the spirit of popular liberty is breaking out. . . . The Queen Victoria and her family have moved to the Isle of Wight, it not being deemed safe for her to stay in London. The Repealers of Ireland seem to be making common cause with the Chartists of England, and it is probable that some blood will be shed. . . .

Wednesday, May 17— . . . I am reading Scott's "Ivanhoe" now, and father says, after I get it through, I must not read any more novels till I am older.

Friday, June 16— . . . There is a drawing-school here. Miss Olivia Record keeps it. I should like to go; but father will not let me go.

Thursday, July 24— . . . The subject of my composition is "Intemperance." Intemperance is a great evil. It is a great evil because if we are made drunk by folks, we shall be led on to gambling and then, perhaps, be led on to stealing, to get money to gamble with, and then lose that by gambling. After we lose that, we may murder someone for money; and then be found out and put into State's prison, and then hung; all of this comes from intemperance.

God's World

ASTRONOMER'S recently announced that the star, RZ Cephei, is moving through space faster than the known movement of any other heavenly body. Figured down, its speed is 683 miles a second. Find a town at that radius from where you live and fancy yourself reaching it in one second. Any danger of RZ Cephei colliding with the earth? Not before 1,010,800 years, even though it came straight on. It is more interesting to figure how fast our earth has to travel in order to complete its annual journey of 578,000,000 miles around the sun. Over 18 miles a second—much slower than RZ C., but think of being whirled from New York to Newark and back in one second and trying to keep your hat on! You cannot keep your balance in a hurricane with the air moving only 100 miles an hour. Yet a hurricane only faintly reminds us what a catastrophe would ensue should the order fixed in nature by Providence be only slightly disturbed. We are not carried off into space because, according to that order, the atmosphere in which we live and breathe clings to the earth and follows it in its rapid flight.

As we are unaware of the swift and complicated yet accurate movements of the inanimate heavenly bodies, so are we mostly inattentive to God's living creatures moving according to unfailing instincts around us. This is exemplified especially in the passage of the birds. When a robin gladdens you with his arrival in the Spring you wonder how far he has travelled from his winter home. Hundreds of other species of birds make the journey with him, but you are not familiar with them because they are not so fond of the haunts of men as the red breast. But the most wonderful traveller of all the birds is the Arctic tern. It is born about midsummer in a nest scooped out of the snow as far north as land has been discovered. As soon as its wings are ready for flight it starts south on a zig-zag course of over 11,000 miles, finally resting on the very edge of the Antarctic continent. Here the tern tarries only a few weeks and, returning by another route and completing a journey of over 22,000 miles, reaches its northern home about the dawn of the long Arctic day.

We observe one of Nature's compensations among birds; she gives beauty to some and song to others. In Australia there are birds of most gorgeous plumage, but the forests there are silent. It is claimed that there is no sweeter song in our woods than that of the common brown thrush. The poet Browning thus happily recalls a peculiarity of the thrush's repertoire:

"That's the wise thrush:

He sings each song twice over,

Lest you should think he never could recapture

The first fine careless rapture."

Prize Composition

The competition for the best essay of not over 300 words on

THE MOST SOLEMN PART OF THE MASS

open to boys and girls of eighth grade or under will close Jan. 25th. The essay selected as the best will be published in the February SIGN and the writer will receive a handsome prize.

Address:

DADDY SENN FU,
THE SIGN
West Hoboken, N. J.

With the Passionists in China

Arrival of Missionaries—A Red-Letter Day in Shanghai

OUR readers will be glad to read the first lengthy communication which we have received from the latest band of American Passionist Missionaries to arrive in China.



FR. DOMINIC
writer:

Sunday, Oct. 29, at 10:00 a. m. we left Kobe, Japan, for China. Kobe is a large commercial town lying at the foot of a range of hills. On the side of one of these overlooking the port is a design in evergreen trees of an anchor so large that it can be seen from any point in the harbor. The cross-bar and beam are so conspicuous that at first sight the design gives one the impression of the Sign of the Cross dominating materialistic Japan.

The next day we arrived in the land of our desires. In a little time all was hustle and hurry. While Fr. Paul and I were busily packing up, Fr. Kevin was on deck. Suddenly he espied Fr. Celestine, who with an Augustinian Father was on the dock. In less time than it takes to write it he had them in our cabin. Need I say that this was one of the happiest meetings in our lives. Fr. Celestine looks fine—in fact, much better than he looked at home in the States. This is the more remarkable as only a month ago he came very near dying from malaria. Thank God he has been spared to us.

With his assistance and that of Fr. Nicholas, the Augustinian, we were soon ready to leave the boat. We escaped the tiresome baggage examination, which proved such an affliction of spirit in Yokohama. We were shortly on our way to the Spanish Procure. Our baggage was piled high on a huge truck. It took

five coolies four hours to drag it half way across the city, for they had made a mistake in the address. These poor coolies are half naked, ragged and unkempt. They are most susceptible to kindness. Horses, mules and oxen seem to be about the rarest things over here. All loads, however bulky or heavy, must be dragged along by human brawn and muscle. Even the poor kiddies take part in it.

On arriving we were received handsomely. The Superior, Fr. Castriello, was kindness itself. After luncheon we set out for the police station in the foreign concession to get our baggage, which seemed to have gone astray. There we met a



FATHER PAUL all our baggage to Sanszowfu, as they pronounce it over here, it will be a miracle of the first order. It appears that the boys had lost their way and reported to another police station.

The following day was the Feast of All Saints. Frs. Celestine and Paul said Mass in the chapel of the Procure. Fr. Kevin, sleeping somewhat later than the rest of us, was fortunate in being able to grant the request of our good friend, Mr. Lo, when he phoned for a priest to say Mass at the municipal hospital of St. Joseph, of which he is the Director. This proved a blessing to us, as it was the occasion of our meeting this generous and sterling Catholic gentleman. We went in his car to the Jesuits at Sichawei. He accompanied us as far as St. Joseph's Church and the bishop's house, as he wished to present us to his Lordship. Unfortunately the bishop was not at home.

At Sichawei we visited the cath-

edral, where we found quite a number of men, women and children making visits. The children were amused at the new *Sen-fus* (spiritual fathers) and took kindly to our making up with them.



FATHER KEVIN about the town. We saw some of the wonderful hand-carving made by the orphan boys, and were told that the embroidery made by the girls is also equally beautiful. In the orphanage there are art studios, foundries, statuary and printing shops. Lack of time prevented our visiting the famous observatory. We had time, however, for a visit to the Chinese seminary where we met a number of priests and seminarians.

The Feast of All Souls was our red-letter day. Mr. Lo had invited us to come to the Municipal Institution to say our three Masses. In this institution there are separate establishments for the care of the orphans, the sick, the blind, and the insane. His car called for us at 6:30 a. m. On our arrival we were met by Mr. Lo, his two grown sons, Francis and Ignatius; his co-laborer, Mr. Tsu, and another gentleman, his secretary.

Fr. Paul said his Masses at the side altar of the chapel, and Fr. Kevin said his in the hospital. My first two Masses were served by Mr. Lo and Mr. Tsu. They with the women folk of the family received Holy Communion.

I was celebrant of the Solemn Mass, assisted by Frs. Paul and Kevin. The music was sung by a choir composed of orphan boys under the direction of a catechist. Mr. Lo and Mr. Tsu were acolytes. Francis was master of ceremonies. The church was crowded with children from the institution and the country, and many adults, together

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with the Sisters and their helpers. We could not have taken part in a more inspiring ceremony in our own beloved States. After the Mass the solemn obsequies were carried out to the letter of the rubrics. At the end of the service a brass band played a funeral march, as they had before it began.

Mr. Lo was all gratitude. I shall never forget his fervent piety as, speaking of the fifteen Masses that had been offered in various parts of the institution that morning, he exclaimed: "How many souls have gone to heaven this day through all these Masses said for them."

At breakfast we learned something of Mr. Lo and his family work. He is the director of the Electric Railway and Power Company of the city. He would accept this position only on condition that he should also be director of the great public charity, St. Joseph's Hospital and Institutions. In the support of these he receives contributions from all sources. Pagans as well as Christians generously contribute. The assistance of the Sisters of Charity is invaluable. They nurse the sick not only in the hospital but also in their homes. They also act as catechists.

The Lo family have been Catholics for three hundred years. What they have suffered for the Faith and have accomplished for it in that time can be more easily imagined than recounted. In the face of Mr. Lo's devotedness we felt ashamed of our own poor efforts. He is daily in the hospital, prison and elsewhere trying to get the dying and condemned to heaven. His kindly offices are often

rejected, but usually they are successful. He told us that about 1700 die annually in the hospital, and that the vast majority are instructed and baptized before death. He has the greatest confidence in the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. His favorite prayer to her is the *Memorare*, which he relies upon to break down the ignorance and stubbornness of many. His efforts have often resulted in the conversion not only of Chinese but also of Turks.

A pious remembrance is requested in the prayers and good works of the readers of THE SIGN in behalf of the following, recently deceased:

Sister Mary William
Sister Mary of the XL
Martyrs
Mrs. Mary Kane
Mary E. Mannix
Mrs. Katherine McGuire
Margaret Steinmeyer
Kathryn Berger
Daniel H. Cady
Mary E. Quinn
Patrick J. Crane

"Have pity on me! Have pity on me, at least you my friends!"

May their souls and the souls of all the Faithful Departed rest in peace. Amen.

On the afternoon of All Souls Day Mr. Lo was to attend the execution of three bandits. He is always notified by the authorities when an execution is to take place. Another young American priest, Fr. Cahill, and I had planned to be present at the execution, but unfortunately the

party did not call for us. Instead, we visited the grand hospital of the Franciscan Missionary Sisters, who in spite of the incessant demands of their multiplied labors still have perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

That night we dined at Mr. Lo's house. Present at the dinner were, besides ourselves, Monsignor McGlinchey of Boston, some Jesuits, a Chinese priest, Mr. Lo and his sons, Mr. Tsu, and other Chinese gentlemen, as also Fr. Cahill, who is on his way to join the Fathers of the Divine Word at Techy, Ill.

In the course of the meal I gave Mr. Lo the message which the Mother of the Good Shepherd Nuns had given me for him, which was to the effect that as soon as he had a house ready for them they would come to China. In answer he beamed with joy as he informed me that he had already written the Mother General at Angers, France, but that she had told him she had no one to send. He had already received permission from the bishop for an establishment of the Good Shepherd, and would write at once to the Mother General telling her of the willingness of the New York community of the Good Shepherd to send a colony to China. There is a large opportunity for the apostolate of the Good Shepherd over here. "The Door of Hope" a non-Catholic institution, is the only refuge for wayward girls in this great city.

Multiply your prayers for us. We are counting on them to help us do great things for God and souls in this extensive mission field.

A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

New Year 1923 is here. What will it bring you?

What will it bring the Reverend toilers in the Chinese Fields!

Will it be a prosperous year for you? Will it be another famine year for China?

Prepare now! Insure the blessing of Almighty God upon yourself. Send for a dime bank or a mite box and make the resolution to put something in it every day. Pennies make dollars and yet who will miss a few pennies a day?

A postcard will bring you either a dime bank or a mite box, and as many as you want. Why not one for each wage earner in the family! Make 1923 a happy year by helping to bring the souls of heathen China to the Foot of the Cross!

Just write on the reverse side of a postcard "Send me a mite box (or a dime bank)" and sign it carefully with your full name and address. Uncle Sam will do the rest.

THIS RESOLUTION WILL BRING YOU HAPPINESS

THE PASSIONIST FATHERS
Foreign Missions,
West Hoboken, N. J.

Missionary Work Among the Chinese

IN the days of the Apostles miraculous conversions were a common feature of the apostolate. We read in the Acts of the Apostles that no less than three thousand persons were received into the Church as part result of one sermon by St. Peter.

The beginnings of Christianity were marked with the miraculous element which was then needed to strengthen the faith of the early Christians and confirm the teachings of the Apostles.

Since the mustard-seed, however, has developed into the mighty tree with its branches spread over the earth, miracles are less frequent, and the conversion of Christian sinners and pagan unbelievers is largely left, in the providence of God, to the natural resources of His authorized representatives.

Mission work among the Chinese has its unquestioned consolations. It also has its disappointments and discouragements. It is more or less apparent that our missionaries do not write much about the difficulties they encounter. They do not care to play the part of heroes before the public; and, besides, almost instinctively, they take their troubles immediately to the God of all consolation. But it will help to spur our interest and increase our generosity if we learn what they are so cheerfully willing to pass over.

One of the first things a newly-arrived missionary observes in China is that he is not wanted. He is a being from another world, the representative of a dominant foreign power, the preacher of a new religion with a standard of severe morality. Several of our missionaries have written to the effect that this ill-feeling of the Chinese is so pronounced that the country is ripe for another Boxer Movement and that it would have long since have taken place were it not for the fact that both the government and people are in fear of the United States.

The soul of the average Chinese is not in the receptive mood required for the message of the Gospel. It is not like the good soil that brings forth the hundred-fold; but rather like the hard and stony ground on which the good seed is apt to be wasted. Once the Chinaman is converted, he makes, as a rule, a Catholic of the sterling type. We have the witness of authentic history to the strong Catholic convictions, the fervent piety and heroic martyrdoms of many Chinese Christians. The Chinese are worth working for. Once they see the light they follow it. No one is more confident of the lasting results of work amongst them than the missionary who has lived with them and learned to love them.

At the same time it is only the missionary who can measure the almost infinite patience and unceasing charity that are required if they are to be won to Christ.

The Chinese peasants who mostly make up the population of the Passionists in North Hunan, are an uneducated people. They can neither read or write. Thousands

of the adults do not know even the nature or use of a book. Their intellects do not range beyond the drab and trivial subjects that make up the limited activities of a very ordinary every-day life.

It is very hard to make this class of people understand the appeal of the Catholic Church or see her beauty. It is for this reason that the missionaries are so insistent on the building and maintenance of schools. "Start with the children. Educate them. Prepare them mentally to receive the Gospel of Christ." This is the program that our missionaries have set for themselves. Permanent gains will be made from the carrying out of this program.

Contrary to the general impression, the Chinese are not an irreligious people. They have religion. But it is the wrong sort; and they have too much of it. Their religion is not associated with any spiritual worship and has no bearing on their moral conduct. It is a mixture of terrifying, foolish and even amusing superstitions.

Its ritual consists in making genuflections before favorite idols,



SOME TYPICAL GODS OF CHINA

THE 'T' SIGN

more or less hideous; burning incense to them; having the bonze mutter a few unintelligible words, for which they give him a small piece of copper. They have all sorts of gods—good gods and bad gods, sunshine gods and rain gods, temple gods and kitchen gods.

And they play tricks on their gods. When they want rain they put the rain god out in the hot sun to let him feel the heat of which they complain. They glue the mouth of the kitchen god to prevent his making any reports on the family quarrels and disputes. They are filled with unbelievable imaginations and convictions about the powers of these gods for good and evil and treasure all traditions relating to them.

It requires no very vivid imagination to see that the work of converting the Chinese is no child's play, nor the work of a day. The inbred superstitions and idolatries of thousands of years are not so easily rooted up and destroyed. The process of conversion must necessarily be slow, tedious and arduous.

The missionaries must be constantly on their guard against "fake" conversions. They must carefully scrutinize the motives behind the conversions. There have been cases in which conversions were not real conversions but only pretences, built not upon conviction of the truth of Christianity but upon the hope of material rewards. Thank God, this kind of conversion is rare in the Catholic missions. Our priests are not under the necessity of making a showing, nor would they betray their sacred priesthood by turning their missions into a hit-the-trail revival in the manner of the fast-fading Billy Sunday. (By the way, where is Billy?)

The first thing that the missionary demands of the prospective convert is that he will get rid of his idols. This is the first and, perhaps, the hardest step. Next he must go regularly to the cate-

chist to learn his prayers and be taught the rudiments of the Faith. The catechumen (as the prospective Christian is called) is usually kept under instruction for two years before he is baptized. During this time the missionary or catechist has sufficient opportunity to test his motives and to weigh his sincerity in seeking to be admitted to the Church.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Grateful acknowledgment is hereby made for donations received to December 10th, for the Chinese Missions, and for the relief of the famine sufferers.

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Often the catechumens are pressing in their demand for immediate reception of baptism. But it is only in exceptional cases that the two-year rule is dispensed with. Human respect is just as strong with the ignorant Chinese as it is with his more intelligent American brother. It is one of the main influences which might cause some converts to apostatize. It is just

as hard to be called a renegade or turn-coat in China as it is in America.

The missionary had not the marvellous gift of bilocation. He cannot be in two places at the same time. He must have assistants and representatives in his outlying missions. These assistants are called catechists. Without their help the missionary would be extremely handicapped in carrying on his work. These catechists are men and women of well-tried virtue and sound faith. They take a special course in Christian doctrine and are capable of teaching the catechumens.

As the catechists devote nearly all their time to the mission work they are dependent upon the missionary for their means of livelihood. The yearly salary for a man catechist is about \$50. The women catechists receive about \$30. Besides this, they need money for travelling expenses, school maintenance and the wants of the poor.

At the time of the Boxer Movement in 1900 the rumor was spread that all Christians were to be murdered. The Christians were terror-stricken and many of the more recent converts were on the point of renouncing their Faith. It was at this crisis the catechists proved themselves to be veritable bulwarks of strength to their weaker brethren. They went amongst them, bracing up their drooping spirits, encouraging them to bravery, and in a very forcible manner recalling to their minds the strong lessons of the Cross.

Incidentally it may here be remarked that it was at the time of the Boxer Movement that certain atrocious lies were originated against the Catholic missionaries. A sample of these is that the priests tore out the eyes and cut out the hearts of little children. Rather reminiscent of the Menace, only that the Menace carries a different brand of lies. But you may be sure that it is the same old devil who is behind both brands.

Index to Worthwhile Reading

The Boyhood Consciousness of Christ. Rev. P. J. Temple, S. T. L. The Macmillan Co.: New York. \$3.50.

This is a critical examination of St. Luke, ii. 49, "Why did you seek Me? Did you not know that in the (things) of My Father I must be?"

Being the only saying of the Boy Christ that the Gospels have preserved for us, and therefore the only insight that we possess into the "Boyhood Consciousness," it is certainly worthy of the scholarly and exhaustive treatment that Dr. Temple has given it.

Upon these few words the learned exegete builds up a proof so complete and so incontestible that it leaves not a shadow of a doubt but that the Boy Christ, in uttering them, was conscious of His Real Divine Sonship and Messiahship. Dr. Temple considers the text in the light of the teachings of the early Greek and Latin Fathers, and, as it has been interpreted by the greatest biblical scholars of every age and creed. He scrutinizes the text, word by word, until, as it were under an exegetical microscope, the words, "in the things", and "My Father" grow big with meaning—the meaning that the Boy Christ intended they should have, viz: that He is the real, natural Son of God, come into the world to do the work of His Father.

The author then proceeds to consider his text in the immediate and remote context, and completes his splendid exegesis by showing how perfectly it harmonizes with the whole Lucan account of Christ and with the other three gospels and St. Paul. The concluding words of the book crown it as a perfect achievement: "That the most sincere, the most humble, the most Sainly Person who ever lived, the 'Man approved of God . . . by miracles and wonders and signs' (Acts ii. 22), should as a mere Boy, and in opposition to the claims of His

earthly parents, declare that He was the Son of God, a claim unique in history, would seem to have only one explanation: that He was compelled to do so by the greatest of realities—the Divine Nature which was in Him and which must proclaim itself."

No student of Christology can afford to overlook this excellent work, which proves so conclusively that there never was a time when Christ was not conscious that He was the true Son of God, sent into the world to reconcile it to His Father.

The State and the Church. John A. Ryan, D. D., LL.D.; and M. F. X. Millar, S. J. The Macmillan Co.; New York City. \$2.25.

This is the third volume of the Social Action Series, written and edited for the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Council. It sets forth the teaching of the Catholic Church concerning the nature, authority, and object of the State, and the relations that should subsist between the State and the Church. The opening chapter contains the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII on "The Christian Constitution of States" which is the most authoritative document we have on the subject. In the following chapter, Dr. Ryan comments learnedly on the doctrine defined by the great Pope, shows in their true light the two great Powers to whom the Almighty "has appointed the charge of the human race", and marks out clearly the course of each, in right correlation to the other.

Dr. Ryan, following the immortal Leo, proves conclusively that the State must officially recognize the One, True Church, as the One, True Church, and not merely as one of many churches before ideal relations can exist between the two Powers.

In a scholarly chapter on Sovereignty and Consent, Fr. Macksey,

S. J., endeavors to prove that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed", though he offers no direct refutation of the contrary theory of the learned Dr. Michael Cronin.

The other chapters of the book treat of various phases of the subject under consideration competently.

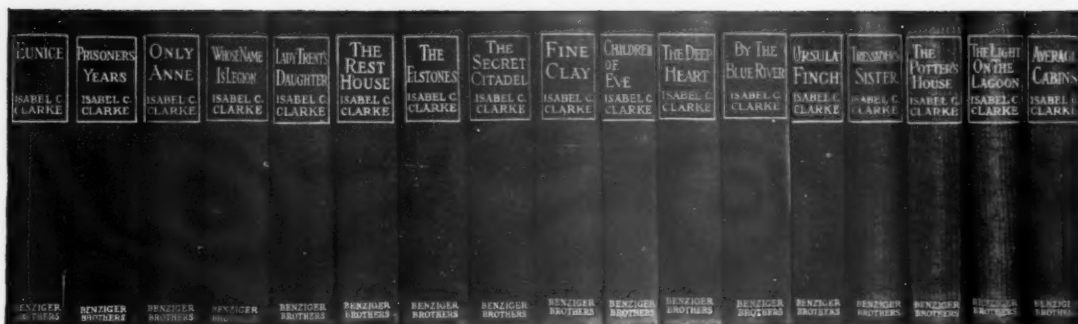
Cloister Chords. Vol. II. "Hope". Sister M. Fides Shepperson. Whittet & Shepperson. Richmond, Va. \$1.50.

An excellent little volume, this "scintillant with the opal-gleam of knowledge, culture, and intellectualism". Sister M. Fides writes finely—in the best sense of that word; her style is direct, crisp, vigorous; she touches life in its many and varied phases, and always with the magic wand of "Hope-Joyousness". She sprinkles a whole lot of sunshine over our "gray every-day" and shows us the precious diamonds that lie strewn in our "old, old Duty-ways" if we will but stoop to gather them.

On the Run. Francis J. Finn, S. J. Benziger Brothers. New York City. \$1.00.

This is an interesting story of the adventures of an American boy in Ireland during the terrible days of bitter, bloody conflict between the Irish Republican Army and the Black and Tan.

"Joe", the hero of the tale is so brave that he is really audacious. He gets into all kinds of scrapes, but the "Stormy Petrel" or some other good angel turns up always just at the right time and sweeps all Joe's enemies into nowhere! Boys will read this story with avidity; swallow all of Joe's daredevil doings without an effort, and whistle with satisfaction as they read the closing lines of the book, and learn that the one girl in the wide world for Joe, is willing "to wait" for him forever and ever and ever!



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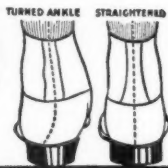
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Bills Purchased	- - -	883,497.23
Banking House	- - -	85,241.22
Cash on Hand	- - -	73,519.26
Furniture and Fixtures	- - -	1.00
Due from Banks	- - -	103,772.51
Other Assets	- - -	24,764.80

\$3,828,745.94

LIABILITIES

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